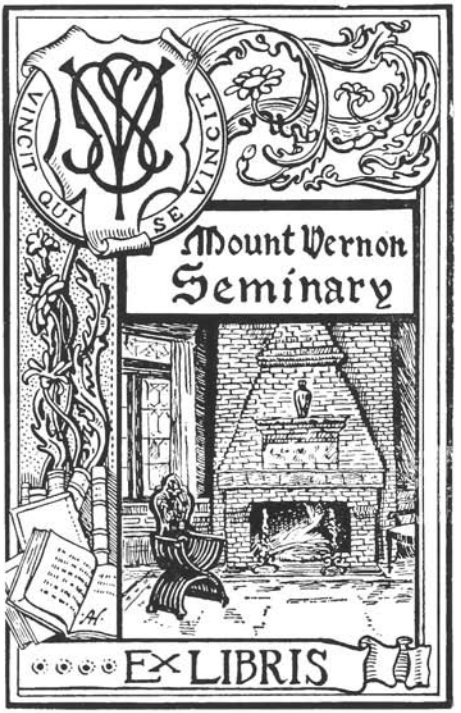
Alumnae Association of Mount Vernon Seminary Annual Reports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ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION
OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

SEVENTH ANNUAL

· · · REPORT · · ·

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCV

EDITORIAL.

THE past year has been a most successful one for our Alma Mater. Her continued prosperity and great advancement show the same high standard and noble purpose of nineteen years ago, and "*Vincit, qui se vincit*" still has the same old ring.

One of the encouraging features in regard to school progress is the amount of post-graduate work done. Several old girls among the boarding pupils and many day scholars have availed themselves of Mrs. Somers' generous offer and enjoyed greatly the English classes under Miss Hall and the History of Civilization with Professor Thom.

The outlook for the coming year is unusually bright. Many applications for enrollment are coming in, and the lists are rapidly filling.

Those who are so fortunate as to enter the school next year will enjoy the privileges of a fine new building, placed between the school and the other buildings. The large room on the first floor, panelled and wainscotted in oak, will resemble an old English hall, and will make a delightful rendezvous for the family. Here the girls can hold their Hallowe'en fetes, dance at impromptu balls, or, sitting cozily ensconced in the broad window seats, exchange after-dinner confidences, and as twilight falls, tell Christmas stories, sitting in the ruddy glow of the great

open fire. The large bay window facing the East will have its floor raised as a platform, and on this will be a grand piano. The basement will consist of another room of the same size, furnished in Dutch style, with a large open fire place, old-fashioned settees, high cupboards, etc., and will be used as a dining room for the entire household. On each of the floors above there will be three beautiful bedrooms; and each story of the new building will be connected with 1104 and the school building, a great improvement on the present first floor passageway.

When we contemplate all these delightful changes for the comfort of the girls, when we are brought once more in touch with school life at our Annual Reunion, when we see the bright faces and feel the fresh enthusiasm of the new class, we almost wish that we were school girls again, and that we could enter the Alumnæ Association for the first time next year; but then we could not boast the added dignity of being "old girls."

In memory of the beautiful days that are past, and in the hope of many future Reunions, we would say to the old girls, to the new members of the Association, to Miss Scull, and to the dear Principal of our Alma Mater, *Auf Wiedersehn.*

NELLIE M. WALKER,
HELEN HURST,
MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS,
Editorial Committee, 1894–'95.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

Officers for 1895-'96

President

MRS. MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS

Vice Presidents

MISS MARY ADA STINEMETZ
MISS RACHEL JONES COFFIN

Recording Secretary

MRS. MARTHA LEMON CISSEL

Corresponding Secretary

MISS LILLIE MAY BOWEN

Treasurer

MRS. NETTIE STINEMETZ BAINS

Editorial Committee

MISS NELLIE M. WALKER, CHAIRMAN
MISS HELEN HURST
MRS. MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS

REPORT OF THE

ANNUAL REUNION.

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held Saturday, June 1, 1895, in the School Chapel.

The meeting was called to order by the President of the Association, Mrs. Marie Wilkinson Hodgkins, who in an able address welcomed the incoming class of '95.

Miss Honora Patton, President of the New Class, gave an appropriate response to the greetings and well wishes of the Alumnæ as voiced by the President.

Roll call showed a good representation of resident members.

The following program was then most excellently rendered:

PROGRAM

Piano Duet, . . Mrs. TRUE and Mrs. HOLDEN
Poem, ... Miss LOUISE DUVALL
Vocal Solo, ... Miss LILLIE BOWEN
Recitation, ... Miss ÉLISE DUFOUR
Vocal Solo, . . , . Miss LILLIE BOWEN

After a few moments of social intercourse the Association adjourned to the rooms below where a most refreshing luncheon was served.

During the luncheon the Association resolved itself into a business meeting for the discussion of the question of whether it was thought advisable to continue the publication of the "Annual," which, it is claimed does not meet the end for which it was designed, or to unite our literary efforts (?) with the school "Record."

Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, with others, favored its discontinuance, but Miss Anna S. King called the meeting to a point of order.

According to our Constitution an amendment can only be effected at the May meeting, therefore it was decided to publish our Annual this year and consider the question next May.

Our glasses were then refilled and Mrs. Adalyn Smith Holden, the Toast Mistress of the occasion, proposed the toasts and received bright responses from those chosen to represent them.

The meeting adjourned at a goodly hour and all went to their homes glad that the Class of '95 had given another occasion for a happy Reunion.

MATTIE LEMON CISSEL,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 5th, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury June 20th, 1894,		$61.77
Received by L. M. Bowen, Treasurer, for dues,	82.00	
Received luncheon fee for 1894,	1.00	
Received by Helen Hurst for luncheon fees,	41.00	124.00
		$185.77

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid M. D. Lilley for printing Annuals and postage, 1894,	$57.00	
Engraving Reunion Cards,	5.75	
Paid A. M. Kennedy, Corresponding Secretary, for stationery,	5.88	
Engraving Reunion Cards and Postage, 1895,	9.70	
Paid H. M. Diver for postage,	.22	
Expended by Treasurer for stationery,	4.27	
Expended for luncheon,	38.98	
Paid D. W. Gregory for printing,	.80	$122.60
Balance on hand June 5th, 1895,		$63.17
		$185.77

Lillie May Bowen,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

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THOSE of the Alumnæ Association, who were present at our Class Night this year, felt their hearts swell with pride as they watched their little sisters gracefully take their places among the beautiful green and white decorations; they alone could appreciate the sensations of those thirteen snow-clad maidens at that moment. Even the intense heat was forgotten to some extent, so interesting were the essays, so pleasing were the recitations and songs rendered. After the exercises the friends descended to the first floor to congratulate our dear girls, and there they were served lemonade and dainty ices by the younger little maids.

But it was not until commencement that the class of '95 really became members of the Alumnæ Association. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and masses of yellow and white daisies. The singing was delightful, and the address to the graduating class, delivered by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, editor of *The Outlook*, roused the sleeping ambitions of many of his hearers. He spoke of the liberation of man through education. This was followed by a few soulful words from Mrs. Somers, spoken in her characteristically sweet manner. She presented the diplomas herself, and then, these new members of the Alumnæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary filed out of the church and rode away, each clasping her sheep-skin close to her glad heart. Thus ended our Nineteenth Commencement.

DORA ÉLISE DUFOUR.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '95.

BY THE PRESIDENT,

MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS.

IN behalf of the Mount Vernon Alumnæ I welcome the Class of '95 into all the pleasures and duties of this Association, and while we older members are only too happy to share with you the pleasures, it is in the accomplishment of the duties, that we most need your aid.

Each year, so far, a selected one of our number, inspired by our honored head, has considered it her privilege and duty to tell the M. V. S. Alumnæ its duties, and, having seen the spirit in which the advice has been taken and the record of the good accomplished I feel especially encouraged to follow in the footsteps of my predecessors and not make this year an exception to the custom.

It is pleasing to note the progress made by the Association and how each succeeding year the duties set before us have been on a higher plane.

During the Association's early years we were told to see that the Association was a help as well as a source of pleasure to its members. This proving an easy task, when older grown we were encouraged to extend our sphere of usefulness and lend a helping hand to those less fortunate than ourselves.

Not many months afterward the Cherry Vale Home, the idea of which originated with one of our number, was established on a lasting foundation, and for three years, now, has given needed rest and enjoyment to working girls.

Next we were urged not to feel satisfied with the good accomplished but to take up some new form of work, and the furnishing of an M. V. S. room in the Young Woman's Christian Home was undertaken with a right good will.

And now having brought you up to the present time it is for me to bring before you a duty and urge its fulfillment. I bring no new plan of outside work to your attention, but the duty which each one on becoming a member of this Alumnæ owes to the Association. I refer to the importance of attending the business meetings and of making an effort to fill the offices for which we may be selected by our fellow Alumnæ, or, if non-resident members, in complying with the request for a letter, essay or poem for our Reunion.

We have only two business meetings during the year and we should keep in mind the date of each, and if possible make no engagements that will interfere with our being present, and if necessary make a special effort to be present at the exact time stated on the notice we receive.

This Association has at present one hundred and sixty-six names on its roll call, sixty-eight of whom live in or very near this city.

When I became a member of this Alumnæ the resident members numbered only twenty. Since that time more than one hundred names have been added to the roll and the number of resident members has more than trebled, and yet with all this increase there is no larger attendance at the business meetings than there was nine years ago, and tardiness seems to be an increasing evil.

So, dear fellow Alumnæ, you have heard my plea and, having in the first part of my talk proven conclusively that a word to the wise is sufficient, I shall look for better attendance at the meeting next year and a decrease in the spirit of "resignation" so often spoken of by our beloved Principal.

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '95

BY THE CLASS PRESIDENT,
HONORA LOUISE PATTON.

Miss President and Members
of the Alumnæ Association:

Although many classes have been welcomed into your Alumnæ Association, and have responded to your kind greeting in words both eloquent and fitting, none, we are sure, have come to you with hearts filled with a deeper and more earnest love for dear M.V.S., and more cognizant of the honor of becoming a part of your beloved band.

During the long years of our school-life the tender watchfulness and wise advice of the dear woman who stands at our head have followed us as our good angels, and Mrs. Somers, who possesses the reverence and love of so many girlish hearts, has no more loyal subjects than the Class of '95.

As we are "standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet," we mingle with our beautiful remembrances of our school-girl days the glad visions of the future, and not the least of the incentives to strong and noble womanhood are the thoughts that we, as graduates of Mount Vernon Seminary, owe to it our allegiance and truest love, and it must always be a joyous duty to uphold its honor, and further its every aim. Now that we are no longer merely *Seniors*, but have entered the charmed circle of the Alumnæ, we feel still more deeply our responsibility, and throughout our lives, the constant refrain of our hearts shall be peace, long life and prosperity to dear old M.V.S. and the Alumnæ Association.

· In Memoriam ·

"GRANDMA EDDY."

1800=1894.

IN Washington, D. C., June the twenty-third, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, Mrs. Martha Eddy, widow of the Rev. Augustus Eddy, passed from earth to the life beyond.

"Gently as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun."

It has pleased God to take unto himself that benign and gracious presence which for ninety-four beautiful years has spread abroad "love, charity, obedience and true duty" in every relation of life, and

We, the Alumnæ Association of Mount Vernon Seminary desire to spread upon the minutes of our organization the sense of our loss, a feeling entirely apart from sympathy with those her going has made desolate, and due alone to the reverant admiration with which a Christ-like character inspires each soul it touches.

To those nearest and dearest to whom she bore the most sacred relation that God has made possible to earth, we come in tenderest sympathy and love.

CORNELIA HARNDEN WRIGHT.
HATTIE BELLE WALKER.

In Memoriam.

ENTERED INTO REST JUNE 11, 1895,

RITCHIE FORD GUNNISON.

IT is a sad task given to me by the Editors of the Annual, and one from which I should shrink were it not for the thought that the dear friend, lost to mortal sight, might wish it done by me in this New England home of mine she loved so well. Each pebble on the beach, each rippling wave brings thoughts of her to me, and looking out on scenes so closely connected with her, I pray God to give me power to speak the tender words with which my heart is filled.

It was my pleasure to know Ritchie intimately. In her school work, in her religion, in her joys and sorrows, I had a share. She was true and faithful, upright and honest in all things, and gave forth an influence, which, though often an unconscious one, was an active one. She is the first of the Class of Ninety-four to enter the Heavenly Home, she who seemed so full of hope and ambition for the future, always doing the duty before her, however hard. As pupil, daughter, friend she was never tried and found wanting.

To me was given the sad pleasure of seeing her almost daily during her illness, and her sweet patience and cheerfulness were beautiful, for she bore her cross like a true disciple of Him she followed. One of the few friends to see her sweetly sleeping with a peaceful happy smile upon her lips, past all weariness and suffering, I could not wish her back, save for the dear ones left to mourn the true pure soul.

May not we, her classmates, be influenced and made better women by her short life, feeling that she is still interested in our lives and connects us more closely to the Home above?

Our love and sympathy for the broken-hearted mother can find but poor expression. May the strength and sincerity of our desire help to lift the cloud for a moment.

These words are weak and,

"It may be
That only silence suiteth best."

These verses of Tennyson, the poet whom Ritchie loved above all others, make a sweet ending to these poor words of tribute to her:

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace,
Sleep holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange,
Sleep full of rest from head to feet,
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

GRACE DUNCAN WRIGHT.

MARBLEHEAD NECK,
MASSACHUSETTS.

* * * * * *

With us a pupil, one short year ago,
She sat with thoughtful face, and head bent low,
O'er the same lessons which along the years,
We all have learned through toil, sometimes thro' tears,
How like a floweret fair we saw her grow,
Nearer to heaven than she or we could know!
But while we miss the pressure of her hand,
And long to hear her voice, we understand,
That being ready, her promotion came,
And now in higher grade she stands the same
Meek scholar but with senses glorified,
Learning all mysteries at her Master's side.
Wiser than all earth's sages now is she,
Then let us sorrow not, but grateful be,
That she was early called, ere touch of time,
Could mar her youth or wither her sweet prime,
Or ever disappointments' cruel dart,
Could leave its poisoned arrow in her heart—
Nor murmur, that her Master's loving word,
Called hence the pure in heart to see her God!

E. K. B.

TOASTS.

◆

MRS. ADALYN SMITH HOLDEN, M. C.

Nineteen Commencements

MISS HATTIE B. WALKER

"Work out your freedom, girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander die. Better not be at all,
Than not be noble."

Seminary Cats - - - MISS ALICE E. EDWARDS

"Le roi est mort—Vive le roi!"

Our Absent Members - - - - - - - - - - -

"And while the music of joy is here,
And the colors of life are gay,
Let us think on those who have loved us dear,
The friends that are far away."

Alumnæ Teachers - MISS ELIZABETH B. LEECH

"'Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Our Editorial Staff - MISS MARION D. LILLEY

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

Alumnæ "Marthas"

MRS. VILLA WELCH MURRAY

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

"She looketh well to the ways of her household
and eateth not the bread of Idleness."

Alumnæ Poets - - MRS. CORA WALKER HAYES

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know."

Our Refreshment Committee

MISS MARY K. BRADFORD

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks,
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

Class of '95 - - - MISS CAROLINE R. MCCABE

"She rose upon a wind of Prophecy,
Dilating on the future."

After responses had been given to the toasts "Nineteen Commencements" and "Seminary Cats" the Toast Mistress said that she had thought of proposing as a grand toast "Our Alumnæ Association," but instead of dazzling us with so vast a luminary she had performed a little "prismatic refraction" and the spectrum produced had been a complete rain-bow. The analysis was as follows:

Green represented "Our Absent Members," who, of course, were green with envy that they could not be present at the Reunion.

Among the *blues* were found "Our Alumnæ Teachers," those of our graduates, who were, to the number of sixteen, making the world wiser by imparting some of the knowledge which they had acquired at M. V. S.

More deeply, darkly, desperately *blue* than the Teachers, appeared "Our Editorial Committee." They were "bas bleu," (of course) "true blue" with loyalty to Alumnæ interests and oftentimes a little "blue" in another sense over the difficulties of their task.

Red, the martial color, represented the "Alumnæ Marthas," the true warriors, the heroines who overcome the obstacles and difficulties of hum-drum, every-day life and make the happy homes.

A rich *orange* hue encircled the "Alumnæ Poets" who live in the golden light of imagination and fancy and love.

The *greenish-yellow* light of a gentle melancholy hovered about "Our Refreshment Committee," which it seems "could a tale unfold" of the trials and tribulations with which they meet in fulfilling their duties.

Mrs. Holden then went on to say that of course the Class of '95, which appeared among us for the first time on this occassion, was not represented in the Alumnæ Spectrum as she viewed it, but she assured this class that we welcomed it as a distinct ray of sunshine comprising all of the aforesaid useful elements.

RESPONSES.

Nineteen Commencements.

The battle of Gettysburg, they say, was the turning point of the Civil War.

During that march across a mile of open ground with the galling fire, from the Union forces on the heights, raining death upon them, the veterans of the South, the grizzled heroes of many a hard-fought field, fell; after that day the South was a cripple. Her army was filled with boys, the last sons of the home whom broken-hearted mothers had prayed might never know actual conflict.

They were eager, courageous, imbued with the valor of desperation, yet success perched not upon their banners for they lacked the discipline born of years and experience.

And so, ye fledglings of '95, nestling yet under the protecting wings of Alma Mater—look not with aught but reverence upon these old birds who have weathered Nineteen Commencements.

Let us at the outset confess our mutual dependence. We hoary heads need your young enthusiasm, no less do your rashness and ardor demand the sager counsels of our age.

Nineteen Commencements! Truth to tell, I myself have very hazy ideas of some of those early affairs and can hardly guess why I was chosen to chant their praises save that our Toast Mistress thus announces herself an evolutionist and declares her belief in the survival of the fittest.

I do remember our first graduate as with white-haired Father Adams beside her, she studied the dead languages.

I used to wonder as I gazed if I would ever find pleasure in reading my testament in Greek. The time never came. That, at least, has been spared me.

The days sped, happily filled with study and sometime more questionable pursuits. More than once was I detected in leaving the school-room without permission to luxuriate in the library.

On several occasions, with three companions as depraved as myself, I have lingered on the croquet grounds (for we enjoyed that good old game when I was young) until the clicking of balls betrayed to some sharp-eared monitor an unhallowed use of study hour.

Some childish characters in my autograph album impressively bid me "Remember the Croquet Ground." We enjoyed these things then. It is only in late years we have felt the hand of Retribution laid heavily upon us. Not a one of that quartet but is today still ornamenting her fathers hearth-stone, and a fifth who occasionally joined us was married true, but banished to New Mexico, on a ranch, with not a woman within a hundred miles.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard !

One of those early seniors had a sweet heart at the Naval Academy, and, in talking with her, I had ideas put in my head about love, my first contact with anything of the kind.

My school work prevented immediate investigation as our rule then was to do one thing at a time and do it well, but as soon as I graduated I gave considerable time to *observing* the varying phases of the subject.

In the early '80's came a graduating class over whose merits modesty forbids me to linger. Suffice it to say that no commencement, before or since, has ever equaled that.

The following year, with some other members of that class who had been the backbone of the Institution since its beginning, I visited the school and found, to my everlasting disgust, the whole thing going on just as usual.

Times have changed indeed. Now we have hundreds of maidens in dainty gowns, tuneful choruses, decorations in white and gold, but no essays at Commencement.

We have Class Nights, Baccalaureate Sermons, Alumnæ Reunions, but let me tell you that the kind of work we do at M. V. S. is just the same. The school is not given up to style and society. Characters are being built, fitting for solid life-work being done as perhaps never before.

These things I have seen with my own eyes, and better discipline, more rigid observance of that which is lovely, and of good report, loftier motives, I doubt if you could find throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Along the line in the Northwest that separates Great Britain and America, are mile posts of materials suitable to withstand the onslaughts of time. They serve alike as a warning and a guide.

Along the years that roll between that first graduation and this of '95 the Commencements are the single visible signs of the flight of years. We need no metal-sheathed symbols of our treaties and union. Our best memorials are in our hearts, in our common love for M. V. S. to whom anew we pledge our loyalty and say, "Here's to her good health and to her family's—May she live long and prosper."

HATTIE BELLE WALKER.

Seminary Cats.

For fear that the Toast Mistress or any non-admirer of cats should have a chance to catch my eye with a view of intimidating me into the curtailing of this (to some of us) intensely interesting subject, I shall confine myself strictly to a few written pages which I consider to be of a proper length, although I should much prefer the unlimited freedom of a discourse without notes in a toast whose subject-matter is inexhaustible to a cat-lover.

"A cat, a cat, my kingdom for a cat!" "Men may come and men may go, but cats go on forever." "A cat's a cat for a' that and a' that" are quotations familiar to all of us. Now if the greatest literary geniuses speak thus highly of this noble animal, should not every member of this Association be proud to bow to the supremacy of the cat in Mt. Vernon Seminary?

Thanks to the excellent taste of our beloved principal, this school home has never been without its Penates in furry form from the moment of its founding, and to-day the members of the Alumnæ Association can look back with pride upon an array of Seminary cats, the beauty and variety of which is certainly unsurpassed anywhere.

Away at the very beginning of the line, in the reserve dignity of sober, black coat relieved by a snowy shirt-front and the whitest of paws. Dr. Tarkington Tuck Somers holds a place of honor as the first Mt. Vernon cat, second only to that of the first member of the Alumnæ Association. Tark's was a character unique and forever removed above those of her successors, however they may have exceeded her in beauty of form or coloring. She was the embodiment of that disposition which Mrs. Somers loves to see in her girls—an enegetic passion for getting out of this institution every good thing that is to be had, and as much of it as possible. So Tark, instead of sinking, as another cat might possibly have done, into a mere sleepy domestic tabby, was constantly on the alert for the improvement of her mind, presiding at teacher's meeting and visiting the classes unceasingly. Her erect attitude on these occasions, the observant expression of her clear, green eyes, the attentive perking of her ears were alike indicative of the silent absorption of knowledge. Her discrimination in the matter of class visiting is evidence of the quality of her mental powers, for she treated the primary department with a fine scorn, and devoted herself to the

higher branches, the Mental Science class, especially, being honored with her presence almost daily for a number of years. Sad it is to reflect that such perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge should not have received some lasting reward. The account of the pomp and ceremony with which the remains of Dr. Tarkington were interred is still to be found in the unwritten annals of our school-history, but the fact that the last resting place of our first cat-idol is entirely lost, should be a matter of grief to the Association. An epitaph of diploma-like construction would have been a fitting tribute to Tark's seminary education.

I know you join with me in regretting that time will not allow the consideration of the personal history of Tark's successors with such minuteness as they deserve. Nothing is more irritable to a cat-worshiper than the popular theory that "one cat is every cat," and in this case, be it distinctly understood that Tark's history is *not* the history of *every* M. V. S. cat. Each one has its own particular career differing widely from that of Tark and every other cat—but in accordance with the requirements of a toast, no further personal eulogy is possible here. One rapid glance over the list of departed joys must, I regret, suffice.

"Beauty," a pure white Maltese, curiously endowed by nature with one blue eye and one green one, missed a great deal of the enjoyment of life by being totally deaf, though the irreverent have been heard to say in regard to her voice that she had a better bargain than themselves. "Baddy," her son, who deserved a nobler name, was a handsome creature with eyes of a most clear and heavenly blue, and unlike his mother's, his pink ears were so keenly sensitive that the glorious Fourth of July was to him a day of terror to be lived through with bristling tail and excited searchings for some spot of silence. "Sin" and "Iniquity" really cannot be discussed here, as, unlike

"Badness," they happen to have been appropriately named. Of "Yum-Yum" and "Nanki-Poo," one remembers only that they were inclined to be invalids and were therefore not especially interesting to anyone except Miss Smith. Of a more robust and winsome nature was a great yellow "Thomas," who was like nothing so much as a heap of concentrated sunshine, as he lay in his favorite attitude, flat on his back, in lazy comfort, his paws gently closing and unclosing to the music of sleep—interrupted purring.

"Royal's" brief stay at M. V S. has been a source of regret to his many friends. He came from North Carolina and was a splendid specimen of the coon-cat, with a ruff about his neck, and a great plumy tail, but he wandered away, and rumor reports that he was captured and taken to the Zoo, when the menagerie was limited to a rabbit or two and a bear.

Another brief sojourner in our halls was "Jim," a Maltese beauty, whose most ecstatic dream of bliss was to be held by his tail, head downward, for the realization of which dream he carried his tail erect as a constant invitation to his friends for the gratifying of his hopes.

Of the numerous fluffy kittens that have never attained to cat-hood and a character, nothing can be said, for kittens are like many other transient pleasures, great fun at the time but very soon forgotten.

The list I have given is, I know, far from complete, but it is a melancholy fact that even in M. V. S. there are some unprincipled people who don't enjoy cats, and though I have paid as little attention as possible to their desires up to this point, I nevertheless have felt somewhat restricted by their presence and have consequently said only half as much as I might have said.

I havn't even mentioned the present incumbents of the Seminary. "Lady," who, by the way, is a white lady with a soul above all vulgar companionship, and the two beautiful coon-cats, "Mischief" and "Tawny",

recently sent to Mrs. Somers, from New England, by Miss Smith. However, they would demand a volume in themselves, therefore let us hasten to drink their health—their long-continued health, and the health of all future presiding feline geniuses of Mt. Vernon. May our school never be without its cats!

ALICE E. EDWARDS.

Our Absent Members.

We drank to this toast, although the response, which was to have been given by one of "Our Absent Members," did not arrive.

Alumnæ Teachers.

Sixteen of our Alumnæ have joined the large and ever-increasing band of instructors of youth. A few have exchanged this pursuit for other callings, but the greater number are each year becoming more and more proficient in their honored and beloved profession.

Ever we realize more fully the debt of gratitude we owe to our Alma Mater. As careless school-girls, no doubt, many thought only of our class instruction. Now, in mature years, we know that our best lessons were not taken from books. From seniors to the youngest of the "baby class" was felt the refining and ennobling influence which pervaded our school-life and moulded our characters.

The old adage says that a child can repay its parent for her love and devotion only by displaying the same qualities towards her own little ones. May we, in training those who come under our instruction, thus prove ourselves worthy daughters of our Alma Mater.

ELIZABETH BEALL LEECH.

Our Editorial Staff.

We all know that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," yet which of us does not feel a certain proud satisfaction in increasing our foolish wisdom

when our Alumnæ Association considers us worthy of occupying for a brief space the Editorial Chair. Dreams of greatness float before us. The brilliancy and celerity with which this particular edition is to be forthcoming will astonish all editors, past and present. I would say to our new editor and her associates that it behooves them to enjoy this roseate dream to the uttermost, for alas! it is but a fleeting vision. The weeks drag slowly by; one reads proof, and wonders if the modern graduates penmanship is so illegible or whether the type-setter is an absent minded youth with no thought for the glory of M. V. S. One meets Mephisto, though he is known under another name among most printers; one is also initiated into the mysteries of "pi," and forever after cherishes a profound grudge against that New England dainty. And then when you are beginning to despair and numerous requests for the July Annual are coming in—then comes your reward, for who would not bear many of the ills that editors are heirs to, and lose a great part of that blissful ignorance if in so doing we can bind more closely to us those absent members of our Alumnæ Association, to whom our little book takes welcome news of all that has been done and brings to mind once more memories too precious to be lost.

So let us toast our editors: those of the past and the future and most heartily those of to-day: that they may not be discouraged by the difficulties which beset their path, but pushing them aside press steadily onward, upward, for the glory of our Alma Mater.

MARION DANE LILLEY.

Our Alumnæ Marthas.

If experience in being a real, live, everyday Martha were all that were necessary to pre-eminently fit one to respond to the toast of "Our Alumnæ Marthas," then in terse, forcible, straight-to-the-point-English, ought *I* to rise in behalf of those of us who have ceased to dream the happy day-dreams, because hearts

and hands are so filled to overflowing with performing them; in behalf of hearts that can know no Alps, that *must* find some Simplon pass; in behalf of hands and brains fascinated with the problems of little outgrown garments, that must be disguised beyond the possibility of recognition, or transformed into shining raiment for little next-in-size; in behalf of the wearying, wearing delights of motherhood, whose "Days are filled with labor, and nights devoid of ease," devoted to the little ills that laws or kings can neither cause or cure; not to speak of the hours upon hours spent in cudgeling brains to the concocting of dainty dishes to delight the heart of the good man of the house, who must never suspect their being resurrected left-overs, till we sigh, and sing with the poet,

> "Where, oh where, are the visions of morning,
> Fresh as the dews of our prime,
> Gone, like the tenants that quit without warning,
> Down the back entry of time."

But these are the shadows and side-lights of this Martha existence. The high-lights are best known and best appreciated by us, the Marthas. For to us it is given to enter the Holy of Holies and there to realize our dreams of ecstatic emotions and revel in their tranquillity and comfort.

(But in an aside I would say that especially are these ecstatic emotions excited when nature becomes a little facetious and thrusts herself upon our giddy rapture in the shape of whooping cough and measles in the nursery, and warning to leave from the maid of all work in the kitchen.)

But these zig-zag paths soon lead back to the highway of peace, and we find a renewal of spirit, an anointing of the eyes, and behold a miracle is wrought.

And I think there are none of us who fail to acknowledge that though we hardly know to just which class or department of our dear Alma Mater we would look back upon, as especially tending to fit us for being these vehicles of usefulness which the Marthas are acknowledged to be, surely we may lay this

flattering unction to our hearts, that the intellectual discipline received there is of infinite value even as applied to the problems of this work-a-day world, and if, in moments of depression, we feel that our failures are rather appallingly in the foreground, and dominate the whole backward track till the sum total seems a satire on our educational advantages, even then we fall back on the comforting theory that if, being an M. V. S. graduate, we still, at times, become so muddled and confused that we hardly know which end to pull to disentangle our twisted skein, with how much less ability would we have met these austere problems of Martha-hood, had we missed the auspicious discipline of our school training.

So congratulating ourselves on the felicitous circumstances that allow us to be represented here to-day, let us all give

A smile and a glass,
A toast and a cheer,
To our Alumnæ Marthas
Who belong with us here.

VILLA WELCH MURRAY.

Alumnæ Poets.

A toast to the poets, Mt. Vernon's sweet singers!
A toast to blue-stocking writers of rhyme,
Respond I, to-day, for the musical ringers
Of melody sweet, and rhythmical chime.

Let the dear busy Marthas serve up their dinners,
With unctuous pride in puddings and pies;
They receive their reward from men, the poor sinners,
The path to whose hearts is paved in this wise.

Let teachers of youth and the sweet, happy mothers
Lift up their proud heads and be praised in the gates;
And shout ye, shout aloud! Three cheers for the others,
The girls whom home duty only awaits.

But toast *now* the woman who makes a lone sonnet,
While little ones clutch at the folds of her dress;
A toast to the woman, who, donning a bonnet,
Is also inditing a song for the press.

If Scribner's and Harper's send back your endeavor,
Politely inscribed, "*declined with respect*,"
You 've still humbler organs, work valiantly ever;
Not daunted; in time an end you'll effect.

Perhaps not the end you had hoped for your meter,
Yet never a song gushed fresh from the heart,
That enriched not the world and made it completer,
By strength of its truth and grace of its art.

Then sing of the violet, sing of the lily,
Sing of the birds in the green, leafy trees;
O, sing your sweet songs in the night soft and stilly,
Sing of the baby asleep on your knees.

Sing for the burdened ones—sing for the weary;
Sing for the sad heart bowed down 'neath its woe,
Sing for the soul that finds its life dreary,
Fill time with sweet music. Sing as you go.

Then sing of Mt. Vernon, dear Fostering Mother,
Bring to her altars your anthems of praise;
Give her all the honor due her and no other,
Who steadied your steps in Learning's deep maze.

Then a toast to the poets, Mt. Vernon's sweet singers,
A toast to blue-stocking writers of rhyme;
Tune your harps, peal your bells, ye musical ringers
Of melody sweet and rhythmical chime.

CORA WALKER HAYES.

Our Refreshment Committee.

"*She* which hath no stomach
To this, let *her* depart."
Henry V.

Surely it is most fitting that the mystic three who serve us so daintily each year at these feasts, be remembered by at least a toast, for of all hard-working, unappreciated people they are the ones, too often overlooked.

The tables are dainty with embroidered linen, fine china, and fragrant blossoms, to say nothing of the toothsome dishes that quietly find their places before each guest; and few realize the countless little things necessary to make up the desired whole, not to mention the skill required to order a fifty dollar lunch that shall cost only thirty dollars.

The mistakes of this committee have been few, and such a little thing as poison salad does not make much impression in after years—although it did at the time I can tell you!

But perhaps poison food is better than none. How well I remember the day when you that were not of the unlucky three, were so deftly entertained up in chapel by rather long-drawn-out literary exercises until you thought you would drop, through sheer hunger—while carriages were sent in every direction to pick up—bread at the bakery, salad at the Losekam, ices at Demonet's, etc. But when the feast finally came, it literally filled a long-felt want and we were satisfied. The greatest obstacle the committee meets is to find something that all will like to eat; and beware! for when an Alumnus accosts one of the three with "Why don't you have croquettes? I don't like salad," she is very apt to find herself on the refreshment committee for the next year, where she can have just what she does like!

In this advancing Nineteenth Century, there is one point in which we have not as yet patterned after the sterner sex—and that is in regard to refreshments always and everywhere. Dare we suggest that our business meetings might be more fully attended could we say—

"Wilt please you
Taste of what is here?"

But there is recompense in all things and perhaps our Refreshment Committee is the most substantially remunerated of any, for after it is all over these poor weary mortals can gorge themselves on what is left.

To-day I ask you to look with grateful appreciation

on our committee, for "if they had been forgotten, it had been as a gap in our feast," and thanks to their arduous duties, well performed, we each can say with Sidney Smith—

"Fate cannot harm me,
I have dined to-day."

MARY KNIGHT BRADFORD.

Class of '95.

Wishing to know the future of the Class of '95 I requested the members of the Seybert Commission to allow me to attend one of their séances, and call up some spirit who could answer my questions. They kindly consented, and appointed a meeting with the noted New York Medium, Dr. S——. Instead of the spirit answering my questions he invited me to come up into the *fourth dimension* of *space* whence I could see for myself what was to come to pass.

The first thing that I saw was a large reception. The wife of the Secretary of State, known to us as Ethel Bogan, is holding her court. She shines in society and is enjoying life to the utmost. The class-mate that she sees most often lives just across the street. She does not have much time for society, as she is so busy attending meetings of the Literary, and the Woman's Authropological, and the University Extension. It is rumored that she is writing a book to prove that "There is no Distinction of Sex in Intellect." When it is published we will all be proud of our vice-president, May Catlin.

One of the '95 pins is seen in Boston. "Brother Tom," who is now a famous engineer, extracted from Grace Weymouth a promise that she would keep house for him for a few years. Boston must have some especial attraction for her, for she now declares she will not leave him. She has a friend visiting her, Marguerite Otis, who has attracted much attention in medical circles. One side of her heart holds blue blood, and beats for *Yale*, while the other side is *red*,

and beats for *Harvard.* How the rivalry is to be settled is hard to know, and we will have to leave that undecided.

Princeton Commencement proved too much for Edna Lake. As soon as Princeton was opened as a co-educational institution, she went there and took a four years' course. But at the end of that time one of the young professors induced her to stay—and I believe their wedding journey was a botanizing tour.

A wedding procession is passing up the aisle of a church in Germany. There are no familiar faces among the guests, and as I lean forward to see the bride, I am startled to see, Lillian Plant! As I hear the words of the service in the *German* tongue, I remember an evening in Washington, and conclude that Lillian must have mastered Meistershaft and Ollendorf, at last, in spite of difficulties.

It will be a relief to the minds of most of the class to know that the member who sighed so longingly "O, for a *man*," found the man soon after leaving school. From her happy face I judge he is a very nice man, and she has had no occasion to ask the old question "Is Marriage a Failure," since she signed Blanche Polkinhorn for the last time.

The third one of our Sweet Peas is making a great name for herself. She made her début not long ago, in tragedy, and since then has been wonderfully successful. Some say she will be Wilson Barrett's leading lady next season, but others say she will "star."

The little lady who always travels with her is also one of our friends. Nora's success is never complete unless she is there to applaud, and we easily recognize Nora Patton and Lalla Ruth Carr.

Elizabeth Hatch remains Elizabeth Hatch. She is still trying to choose between the handsome, the rich, the poor, the lame, the halt and the blind. Her difficulties prove that it is not always best to have so many admiring friends. Her friend, Mrs. Nora Michener Blank, was saved all that by falling in love

soon after graduating, and she is now busily engaged in trying Prof. Preyer's experiments upon her young hopeful.

In one of the Sandwich Islands we see a lonely grave. Blanche Baber, filled with missionary zeal, went to teach the little Cannibals that there is something higher in life than *eating*. Her favorite saying was, "We eat to live, not live to eat."

If any of the class wish further revelation, I will recommend them to my spirit-friend, whom they can find by applying to the Seybert Commission.

CAROLINE R. MCCABE.

PERSONALS.

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After a brief sojourn at Lake Mohonk, Mrs. Somers, with Mrs. Morris Eddy and her children, has gone to Magnolia, Mass., where she is rapidly gaining strength.

Miss Scull will spend her vacation with her sister at their summer home in Smethport.

Mrs. Adelia Gates Hensley and Miss Dora Duty Jones sailed for Europe on June 11th, with a party of M. V. S. girls to spend about four months in travel. The party included the following Alumnæ: Miss Augusta Eighmey,'87; Miss Nelson Hosea,'94; Miss Lalla Ruth Carr and Miss Honora Patton,'95.

The Alumnæ will be pleased to learn that Miss Hattie Belle Walker,'81, will teach Natural Science and History at the Seminary again next year. Miss Walker, who is always ready to perform any service when called upon, deserves the especial thanks of the Editorial Committee for information furnished for the Annual.

Miss Theodate Smith spent a week at the school last fall, and took charge of Professor Thom's classes during his absence. She was greatly missed when she returned to Yale.

Miss Dame has been teaching the past winter in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, New York. This summer she expects to take a party abroad.

Miss Woodhull, formerly a member of the faculty, expects to go to Europe this summer.

Miss Jessie and Miss Edith Lacey,'82 and '84, have been in Paris for two winters, where Miss Jessie has been studying art.

Miss Louise McWilliams and Miss Florence DePauw, '89 girls, spent last summer traveling together abroad.

Miss Ina Taft, '90, spent the winter in Europe. Last fall Miss Taft was elected Vice-President of the Young Woman's Fortnightly Club of Chicago.

Dr. Ames' appointment as Superintendent of the Lucy Webb Hayes Deaconesses' Home and Bible College in this city, will bring once more within reach of us, Miss Anna Seymour Ames, '81. Miss Ames has recently returned to Washington, having spent the winter studying in Brooklyn.

During the winter a play entitled "Love by Induction" was most successfully given at the Seminary, by which some forty dollars was realized for the girl's room at the Young Woman's Christian Home. The antics of eight Edison Rag Dolls convulsed the audience and added much to the occasion.

The Young Woman's Christian Home, as all M. V. S. Alumnæ will be glad to know, is now on a firm basis financially. Congress has appropriated to its use one thousand dollars, and from the tea held at the home some months ago, five or six hundred dollars was realized besides groceries sufficient for half a year. This delights the hearts of the Lady Managers, among the most indefatigable of whom is Miss Caroline W. Morgan, '79.

Mrs. Somers gave a luncheon, on April ninth, in honor of Miss Hedwig Brand and Miss May Melish, '94 girls. The parlors of 1100 M presented a very pretty sight, with dainty tables decked with carnations and surrounded by girls in fresh spring toilettes. Among those present were Mrs. Eleanor

Foster Lansing, '84, Miss Anna Ames '81, Miss Teller, Miss Burch, and the Washington members of the class of '94.

Mrs. Roberta Wolf Buehler, '90, and her husband, have taken possession of their lovely new home in Lakeville, Conn.

The engagement of Miss Anna Sargent, '92, to Mr. Henry Gilbert of Chicago, is announced. The wedding will take place in the early fall, with Miss Helen Hurst, '92, as one of the bridesmaids.

Miss Hurst also acted as bridesmaid to Miss Gertrude Lynch, an M. V. S. girl, who was married June 19th, to Chaplain Ruter W. Springer.

Miss Anna King, '89, was maid of honor to her sister Eleanor, who married Dr. William Butler, April 30th.

Miss King has recently presented the Chapel with two bas reliefs—Della Robbia's Singing Boys.

Miss Yoshi Kuki, '90, is at her home in Kobi, Japan. Her brother has recently married a very sweet girl, and Yoshi is very happy in having them both with her. Yoshi now wears her native costume, which is said to be very becoming to her.

Through the thoughtful attention of Mrs. Somers, St. Paul's M. E. Church, on Dupont Circle, just lately established, has been tastefully decorated with flowers each Sunday, and the M. V. S. choir under the leadership of Professor Kaspar, assisted by Madam Kaspar and Frau Naumann, have led the song service.

Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88, who expects to sail with her husband, July 31st, for a three months' trip abroad, writes the following:

"During the past winter the New York Colony of M. V. S. girls numbered fifteen, including non-resident as well as resident members, and it seemed

good to meet so many familiar faces from "1100 M." Edith Dingley, '90, continued her musical studies in New York, and it is said her already beautiful voice has improved very much recently. Anna Hasselman, '92, spent the winter here in company with her grandmother, Mrs. Thomas Eddy, and was an ardent student at the New York Art Students' League. Florence DePauw, '89, has also been devoting part of her time to art study. Belle Potter, '85, is taking the prescribed course at the New York Episcopal Deaconesses' Home This spring a very pretty luncheon was given by Grace Andrews in honor of Emma Teller, and besides these there were three other M. V. S. girls present: Belle Potter, '85, Mrs. Nellie Farwell Woolley and myself, '88."

Mrs. Eugenia Keen Cunningham, '89, and her husband have recently returned from their winter trip abroad.

Mrs. Ida Hawley Robbins, '79, writes that her little girl, Edith Jerome, "at the tender age of seven months evinces signs of good sense which will be of service to her in the Primary Department of dear old M. V. S."

Mrs. Alma Hogue Baxter, '81, who is spending the summer at Niagara, writes, "Our new little daughter bears the name of Helen Marguerite, Marguerite for our class flower."

Miss Nannie Skillman, '88, has been studying the kindergarten system with Miss Lobb, and hopes next year to take up the work in earnest.

Miss Oro Joe Hemphill and Miss Edith Hancock, '94 girls, are preparing for Wellesley College, and expect to enter the junior class.

Miss Anna Louise Hoeke, '93, has completed a two years' course of study at Miss Hersey's, Boston. It will interest her classmates to learn that she returns with the hearty commendation of instructors and Boston friends for merited success in voice culture. We

look forward with pleasure to this addition to our vocal corps at future Reunions.

Mrs. Adalyn Smith Holden, '79, who filled the position of Toast Mistress so acceptably this year, still finds time, with her many home duties, to write both poetry and stories for publication.

Mrs. Myra Goodwin Plantz, '80, author of the tender little poem "A Beautiful Woman," which appeared in the December Record, has kept up her literary work since leaving school, and is rapidly winning an enviable name as a writer of short stories.

Mrs. Nellie Vila Moore, '81, is president of a flourishing woman's club of about eighty-five members, in Hutchinson, Kansas. The club has for its object "mutual sympathy and council, and a united effort toward the higher civilization of humanity." Current events are discussed at the weekly business meetings, and much time is given to works of philanthropy. Mrs. Moore delivered a very able address at the last formal meeting of the club this year, held May 28th.

Among the out-of-town Alumnæ who have been welcome callers or visitors at the Seminary are Mrs. Mary Rankin Goulder,'78; Miss Anna Seymour Ames, '81; Miss Mary Jennings,'83; Miss Mary Force,'89; Miss Edith Dingley,'90; Mrs. Phila Calder Nye, Mrs. Elsa Chamberlin Mower,'91; Misses Laura Booge, Bertha Hammond, Anna Hasselman, '92; Mrs Luella Peck Wadsworth, '93; Misses Hedwig Brand and May Melish, '94; and Mrs. Lavinia Coppock Gilfillan, a former member of the faculty.

Mrs. Gertrude Burnett Beach, '82, visited Mrs. Marie Wilkinson Hodgkins, '86, in February.

Miss Carolyn Porte, '82, visited Miss Nina Morgan, '81, this winter.

Owing to the ample accommodations of the new building, the Court will be relinquished next year.

Mrs. Morris Eddy, Miss Laura Booge, '92, and Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88, were welcome visitors at the Reunion.

Members will please notify the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Lillie Bowen, 703 Mt. Vernon Place, of any change of address, that the Alumnæ record may be kept complete.

MARRIED.

July, 1894, at Lake Geneva, Ill., Miss Clara Seipp to Mr. Henry Bartholomay.

October 10, 1894, at New York City, Miss Eleanor Gordon Brush to Mr. H. Newton Hempstead.

November 27, 1894, at Washington, D. C., Miss Jessie Christopher to Mr. Victor Kauffmann.

February 28, 1895, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, Miss Katharine Luella Peck to Mr. Frederick Elliott Wadsworth.

April 25, 1895, at San Jose, Cal., Miss Marion A. Dean to Mr. Frederick L. Barnhisel.

DIED.

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May, 1895, at Waterford, Pa., Mr. Farrar, father of Zoe Farrar.

June 11, 1895, at Rockville, Md., Ritchie Ford Gunnison.

BORN.

· ◆ ·

June 28, 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Nesbit (Clara Ford), a son.

July 24, 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hosea (Mary Woodson), a daughter.

November 5, 1894, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Robbins (Ida Hawley), a daughter.

————————, 1895, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Baxter (Alma Hogue), a daughter.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

EIGHTH ANNUAL
· · · REPORT · · ·

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCVI

EDITORIAL.

OUR Alma Mater has again gathered her happy children about her. They come with shining faces and loyal hearts from far and near to exchange greetings, refresh memories and set the seal to another delightful chapter in the volume of life. Fifteen girls with fresh enthusiasm have been admitted to the Association, and we look to them to "Lend a Hand."

We glance about us with surprise and pleasure. A transformation has been wrought on the dear old structure, where we puzzled and pulled through the problems of students. The suggestions of a year ago have been more than realized. The conservatory, the scene of so many smiles and tears, has vanished, and a spacious music room, richly adorned, invites sonatas, songs, quadrilles and symphonies.

Large additions have harmoniously changed the entire building. Lovely latticed windows allure the eyes, and give a new effect to the blessed school home. We do not now need to haunt other parts of Washington to gain a view of the beautiful city, with its girdle of hills—all may be enjoyed from the fifth story. Everywhere throughout the interior, the refined taste and touch of Mrs. Somers are manifest. In all her broadening plans she has found efficient aid in Mrs. Eddy. Miss Scull goes from her post next year, to

devote her time to the publishing of her works on art. It is with sincere sorrow that we part from her. The separation is only in space, not in fact. She will always live in the lives of those whom she has inspired to noble thoughts and deeds; while they in turn will be immortal in her big warm heart.

Note should be made of the private receptions given during the year by Mrs. Somers; as also of the best social life in the Capitol, whose recognitions have come to her pupils.

We greet "The Record" with pride and praise, and speak good cheer to those who, through its pages are finding their wings. We prophesy far flights for some who are timidly preening their pinions on the home-bough to-day.

Our final word is spoken to one who has been to us the giver of courage and enthusiasm, whose "dear girls" we must always be (slipping the bounds of girlhood does not count), who, fresh, bright and serene, calls us upward; the summer of whose years seems not to fade. We tenderly proffer her our love and fealty; we proffer to each other a pledge to be more worthy of her teaching.

HELEN HURST,
MARIE WILKINSON HODGKINS,
ANNA L. HOEKE,
Editorial Committee, 1895–'96.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

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MISS ANNA L. HOEKE

REPORT OF THE
ANNUAL REUNION.

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held at the Seminary, Saturday, May, 30th, 1896.

Mrs. Holden, the new President, opened the meeting, when the Class of '96 was presented by Miss Dufour. The President then addressed the New Class in a very charming speech, telling of the old days of M. V. S. and the interest of the early graduates in our Association, and urging the New Class to have the same interest and give their hearty co-operation to our work.

Miss Sowers, the President of the Class of '96, very ably responded. The roll was then called and the following program rendered:

PROGRAM

Piano Solo, ... Miss PLANT
Resolutions, . . RITCHIE FORD GUNNISON
By EDITH HANCOCK and ORO JOSEPH HEMPHILL
Read by MISS KING
Memoir to Elizabeth Hatch, by Miss NORA MICHENER
Read by Miss CATLIN
Recitation, ... Miss DUFOUR
Essay (in place of Miss Brand's Essay), Miss MELLEN
of the Chicago Branch of I. T. S.
Read by Miss ELSIE EDWARDS
Vocal Solo, ... Miss BOWEN

After the program luncheon was served down stairs in the reading room.

In some way the mail failed to carry to Miss Nina Morgan the news that she had been elected toastmistress at the May meeting, so the toasts were very

unique in that the girls were called upon to respond impromptu. Miss Morgan was more than equal to the occasion, and as she called on the girls in turn, a bright story or joke served as an inspiration to the perhaps scared girl. The Class Prophecy, by Miss Miller, '96, was the only paper which had been prepared before hand. Unfortunately our short-hand girl was absent, so those of the Alumnæ who were not present will have to imagine the bright thoughts that were expressed by the chosen girls on these subjects :—

Class of '96, . . Miss FLORENCE MILLER
M. V. S., . . Miss FRANCES THIRLKELD
Bicycles, ... Miss GRACE WRIGHT
The Girl who never Fails, . Miss ANNA KING
Kindergarten Work, . . . Miss WILLARD

Before adjournment the President rose to congratulate the toast-mistress upon the success of her part of the program. She proposed, that in order to avoid so great a tax upon our nerves and brains next year, that we should elect our Mistress of Ceremonies at the January meeting, when we arrange the Reunion Program, instead of deferring the election until April. It was moved, that, beginning with those at present in office, the term of the President and Secretaries should hold over until after the June Reunion, in this way having the President preside first at a business meeting rather than upon so formidable an occasion as the Reunion. It was seconded and voted upon unanimously.

MAE MCCAULEY,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 3rd, 1896.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury June 20th, 1895,		$63.17
Received by N. S. Bains, Treasurer, for dues, ...	76.00	
Received luncheon fee for 1895, .	1.00	
Received by E. H. Bogan for luncheon fees, ...	54.00	131.00
		$194.17

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid W. F. Roberts for printing Annuals for 1895. . . .	$62.00	
Paid N. M Walker for postage, .	1.17	
Expended by Treasurer for stationary and postage, . . .	4.70	
Paid L. M. Bowen, Corresponding Secretary, for stationery and engraving, ...	4.65	
Engraving Reunion Cards, . .	6.75	
Paid L. P. True for postage and stationary, ...	5.00	
Expended for luncheon, . . .	54.00	$138.27
Balance on hand June 3rd, 1896,		$55.90
		$194.17

Nettie Stinemetz Bains,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

QUITE a number of variations in the usual order characterized the Commencement program for this year. Class Day Exercises, instead of being held, as usual, on Friday night preceding Commencement–Tuesday, were held this year on Monday night, June first, and the Graduating Exercises took place in the School Chapel instead of at the Metropolitan Church, where they have been held for some years past. The Chapel for the Class Day Exercises was very beautiful, the platform and its walls being most tastefully decorated in the class colors, yellow and green; sprays of feathery asparagus festooned the rear wall, emphasized at intervals with great bunches of yellow daisies. On Tuesday evening, at the Graduating Exercises proper, the hall presented much the same appearance as on Monday, save that white daisies were mingled with the yellow, thus merging the class colors into those of the school. The graduates took their places on the platform preceded by Mrs. Somers, who presided over the program. This was most delightful, including several class-essays and some exquisite music, and at its close, the diplomas were conferred by Rev. Bishop Hurst, who made a short but earnest and helpful address to the class. At the conclusion of the exercises, the graduates received their friends in the music-hall and parlors, which were beautifully decorated with daisies, palms and ferns. Refreshments were served in the upper dining room, the new piazza adjoining, proving most acceptable accommodation for the overflow of guests

ALICE E. EDWARDS, '93.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '96.

BY THE PRESIDENT,

ADALYN S. HOLDEN.

Young Ladies of the Class of '96:

A great many years ago, when our dear Seminary was in the early morning of its existence, I, a seventeen year old Miss, one of a class of nine, tremblingly advanced to receive a diploma from the hand of our then Chief Executive, Rutherford B. Hayes. At this pre-historic time the total number of our graduates was just ten, so that there was no flourishing Alumnæ Association to receive us into its sheltering fold, thus to bind us together and to afford a mental stimulus for the future. We had to be content with the overwhelming honor to which I have alluded, and I was so dazed with the splendor of it that even the name of the worthy gentleman who made us the address on that great occasion, has escaped my memory.

I little thought that, after the lapse of another seventeen years—another lifetime—just as I was entering upon a "third term" so to speak—that I should be called upon to address the Class of '96.

Why need I hesitate to be more impressive by these painful statistics, when the date of my class is indelibly stamped in our Alumnæ Record, and thus unblushingly flaunted anew each year all over the United States.

For ten years after my début, the M. V. S. graduates were turned adrift into the cold world, until there came a beautiful time when we were gathered into an

Alumnæ Association, and realized that we had an Alma Mater, and that we were expected to keep abreast with her progress and do credit to her early training.

It was startling—to say the least—to come back to school and to hand in our essays just as we used to do, but oh, it is delightful! As each Alumnæ day we assemble and look into the loved and familiar face of the one who has guided us all, a mist steals over the years that have fled, and leaves us all girls together in one big class.

But to you who come to us to-day for the first time, we represent the classes of twenty years, and here we are, eager to welcome you as sisters, to congratulate you and to encourage you to keep right on in culture and in the pursuit of knowledge. To be proud of you should you excel hereafter in any branch and create a special little current of your own in the great ocean of the world's thought, and let me say right here, that we expect you to make a decided ripple in the Alumnæ Stream, by the infusion of your fresh young enthusiasm.

I am glad that so many of you are from Washington, and one from our neighboring city Baltimore. We shall soon know what you are about. I trust we shall not see your names too often in the strictly "Society" notes. If life is to become richer and fuller as we advance, it will be because we are travelling in the line of true development, and I hope your ambition will be to shine among the genuine aristocracy which is to be found in the religious and literary circles.

If the soul life develops and the mind grows there can be no ennui, you have found the secret of happiness, but "Society" pure and simple is a maelstrom, a giddy whirl, which ends nowhere, unless in destruction.

You are living in a great age when a woman can accomplish almost anything. If you find yourselves hedged in, by and by, with household cares, keep up your reading in spite of it, there are the Chautauqua

Courses which take so little time and cover so much valuable information.

If you have a germ of true poesy among you, oh, cherish it! To-day we are without a poet, and we depend upon you to catch Pegasus and soar for us next year. I know that horses are going out of style, but in this age of bicycles and motor vehicles we need the dear old wingéd steed more than ever. The few of our number who have attempted the Alumnæ Poem are, I think, nearly all of us, "Marthas" now, fighting the battle of life with the broom and the needle and the slipper. We still claim the "divine afflatus" though at times it may grow a trifle husky from the dust of the spring-house cleaning. "We learn in suffering what we teach in song" you know. We long, however, for a reinforcement from the young, unencumbered, new girls who are hovering in the fairy-land of Love's young dream, or thereabouts.

And those of you who are practical, be sure to attend our business meetings, we need you, and they are your meetings now, remember, and you are alumnæ and must help to sustain the fair name of our Alma Mater. Come with new ideas. I wish I might incite all of our resident members to make a special effort to attend our business meetings this year. Let me whisper a secret. We are getting into a rut. Have you observed that every one of our Presidents—two only excepted—has been Toast Mistress. Of late it has become a direct transition, so that when the lot fell upon me I could but fold my hands in sweet submission and murmur "Kismet," It reminds me of a time in the early political history of our Republic, when to be Secretary of State, meant to be Chief Executive next. It began with Jefferson I believe (I was too young to remember very distinctly), and was called "the easy accession."

Our Mistress of Ceremonies for to-day has already been President. We had so much confidence in her, that we did not first subject her to be Crucial test of

eloquence and adaptability as a Toast Mistress, so unless we decide to give her a second term, we can break this order.

Each Alumna knows the girls in her own class, who are best adapted to serve our Association as officers, or on the Reunion program. Tell us who they are? Now is your chance to be very useful, for it will not be long before the X-rays will pierce through all of this reticence and modesty and reveal just the material for which we seek. The air is full of prophecy. Let us give our attention to prophetic utterances in regard to a Renaissance in our Alumnæ Association and then with the aid of this large new class of latter day graduates and resident members, it must surely come to pass.

I leave you with the thought—in the impressive language of a recent dusky orator—

"Convened as we is on dis occashun de subjac' ob prophecy offers itself to us as de perspirin theme for our meditation at the present time and dis am de highes' subjac' ob de occult moment."

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '96

BY THE CLASS PRESIDENT,
ELEANOR K. SOMERS.

Miss President and Members
of the Alumnæ Association:

In the name of the class of '96, I would thank you for the kind welcome so cordially extended to us. To-day we realize that the happy care free school life is already in the past and that the reality of responsibility lies before us. "Suddenly closes the ivory gate of dreams, the horn gate of every day life opens, and we go to deal with the man of flesh and blood." Behind us already lie the hopes and ideals, and we are going forward, perhaps to realization of all that we had dreamt, perhaps to disappointment, for it may be that in their very ideality lay their only beauty. But we fully realize that although our happy school days are an epoch of the past, only that the first lessons have been learned, and that we are entering the higher, harder school where souls are books, and all life is converging to make one grand history. Yet we shall carry with us the helpful influences they have cast about us. We are stepping in the foot-prints of many others whose names are carved high on the rock of fame, but we will strive to write '96 a little higher, and a little deeper than any of those already there, and to make this chain to which every year shall add another link, a bond of strength, of help and of fellowship so true, so high, so noble, that in the days to come we may be helped, comforted and strengthened by our contact with it.

We realize that we are by no means saying farewell to dear old M.V. S., but that through this chain of our own making, we may still reach back to our Alma Mater and be in perfect touch and accord with all her interests.

In Memoriam.

RITCHIE FORD GUNNISON.

DIED JUNE 11, 1895.

WHEREAS, God has thought best to remove from this earth the beloved friend of all Mt. Vernon Seminary, Ritchie Ford Gunnison—

Resolved, That in her loss our Association has missed a faithful and staunch worker and friend;

Resolved, That in memory of her and of her work, we, the Alumnæ, wish these resolutions to be spread upon the pages of the Annual, and offer our heartfelt sympathy and love to her sorrowing mother and friends.

EDITH S. HANCOCK,
ORO JOSEPH HEMPHILL.

In Memoriam.

ELIZABETH B. HATCH.

DIED AUGUST 4, 1895.

TO-DAY when so many hearts are full of love and sorrow for dear ones that have entered the Heavenly Home, it seems a most fitting time for expressing our tender thoughts for one who, a year ago stood with us, her classmates, receiving the honors to which we had looked forward through our years of school life, but who so shortly after was called to her eternal rest. Not only those who shared Lizzie's life, her thoughts, her friends, her interests, loved her, but her sweet, true, winsome nature brought friends to her wherever she went both among the young and the old. She was noble and unselfish, and even through her sorrows was bright and cheerful, comforting the saddened hearts of those dear to her, and spreading an unconscious influence that was sweet and active.

In her school life she was an earnest, conscientious worker, and during her long days of illness, which she bore so patiently away from the home and the friends, she recurred continually to the pleasures of the last year.

She rests in a dear New England village, and so sweet is the perfect understanding and golden leisure of our Father's House, that we must not wish her back, but must think of our strengthened and joyful friendship when we meet after the rather weary paths of this present world.

NORA MICHENER.

WHAT CHICAGO IS DOING FOR ART EDUCATION.*

IN the history of the world, civilization has always traveled westward. This is true of Art, which is really an outgrowth, or rather an expression of civilization. The European countries are of course further advanced than America in matters pertaining to Art. In the great Art centers, such as Paris, Rome, Munich, Berlin and London, the artists form a distinct class. They have their own clubs and entertainments and even live in a particular part of the city. Until recent years, America offered no such advantages to artists. Our country was young and all our energy had to be turned to making material progress, but now we have arrived at the stage where we can pay more attention to culture. There has never been a country that has made such wonderful strides in art, music and literature.

The city which is really the result of this wonderful American energy is Chicago. She is the monument of progress and development. The city that has gained such supremacy in commercial and manufacturing circles has also achieved success in the Art world. Chicago has one of the finest and best equipped academies in the land.

The Art Institute which was established in 1879, is not an endowed corporation. The institution is self-paying and independent. Every year the number of students has increased, and for '95–'96, one thousand

*This essay was arranged for the program, but arrived too late to be read.

six hundred students are enrolled. There are twenty-eight on the faculty, besides twelve assistant teachers. The Institute is under the direction of a board of trustees, among whom are some of the best known and most public spirited citizens.

One of the important features of the academy is the library, which numbers one thousand four hundred and fifty books. The greater part of the reference library was presented by Mrs. A. M. H. Ellis, though the entrance fees of the students are used in making additions.

Quite recently Dr. D. K. Pearsons made the Institute a gift of over eighteen thousand large photographs, published by Braun and Company, of Paris. It is the only complete collection of their productions of the works of the great masters that is to be found in America.

Besides the regular classes, there are Saturday classes for children and for adults, and also evening classes. To receive a diploma, a student must have been a member of the life class for two years and it generally takes from eight months to a year to attain to the life class, so that the course of instruction is practically three years. One thing of great importance to students, is the fact that they can have easy and constant access to the museum. The school offers instruction in drawing, painting, sculpture, decorative designing and architecture.

The new Art Institute on the lake front was opened in 1894. On the first floor is the sculpture. This includes the Elbridge G. Hall collection of full sized fac-similes of original works. Then, too, there are a number of original sculptures.

On the second floor the paintings are to be found. The Henry Field Memorial Collection was presented to the Institute by his widow. A separate, fire-proof room has been built for the collection. The room itself is a work of art. All the wood-work is of ebony, and Louis C. Tiffany superintended the other furnish-

ings. The pictures are forty-one in number and are some of the best examples of the Fontainebleau and Barbizon schools. John Constable is the only Englishman represented. There are three Breton's, among them "The Song of the Lark," three Corots and two Millets, one of which is the well-known "Bringing Home the New-born Calf."

Two rooms are devoted to paintings from the private collection of Albert A. Munger, of Chicago. They are the works of some of the best known painters and include a beautiful Gerome, a Bonheur, a Bougoureau, and one by Chicago's own son, Walter McEwen, who a short time ago was awarded the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. This picture is entitled "The Judgment of Paris," and was much admired during the World's Fair.

Then there is a very fine collection by the old masters. Thirteen of the most important of these were purchased in 1890 from the famous Demidoff collection in Florence. These include an Ostade, a Jan Steen, one by the younger Teniers, two Rembrandts, a Franz Hals, a Rubens and Terhug's well-known "Guitar Lesson." Hans Holbein, the younger, is also represented by the portrait of an ecclesiastic.

The modern painters have three rooms reserved for their works. There are also collections of water-colors, etchings, favrile glass, chased metals, pottery and Naples bronzes. Four large rooms are set aside for temporary exhibitions. During this winter the American Artists' Annual Exhibition, the Doré Collection and Mr. Ffoulke's tapestries were here shown to the public.

The Institute has about two thousand annual members. These pay ten dollars a year, and are given free admission to the galleries at all times and to all receptions and lectures. The building is open every day from nine until five, and the entrance fee is twenty-five cents, except on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, when the gallery is open to everyone. It is in-

teresting to notice the great number of people who crowd there on Sundays, and from their appearance, it is easy to see they belong to the laboring classes. This seems to show that the masses are beginning to take an interest in Art. Sunday is the only day they can devote to anything of this sort, and still there are some who would close the museum on Sunday and thus cut off from these people the only opportunity they have of educating themselves.

A regular course of lectures is given during the winter on Tuesday afternoons. These are so popular that it is impossible to get inside the lecture-room, unless you come an hour before the time set for the lecture. On Tuesday evenings there are concerts by the Chicago Marine Band, and the galleries are overcrowded until ten o'clock, the closing time.

There are a number of art clubs on each side of the city. The members have frequent meetings, at which art, local, national and international is discussed. Most of the clubs offer prizes to the students at the Art Institute. The North Side Art Club has one hundred members who pay an annual fee of five dollars. Lectures are given every week at the Newberry Library and often there are extra readings on different subjects, such as music and travels. Besides these regularly organized associations there are innumerable classes that meet at private houses. These courses generally consist of four or five lectures and are always very well attended.

The artists of the city have formed a number of clubs of their own and they are energetic and conscientious workers. The Chicago Society of Artists and the Cosmopolitan Art Club stand at the head of these, and their works are exhibited annually at the Institute. There are a number of fine private collections, but these are of course closed to the public.

During the fiscal year just past, the attendance at the Institute was six hundred thousand, which is larger than that of any similar institution in the

country. This shows beyond a doubt that the people of Chicago appreciate the opportunities that are given them. Even to-day Chicago offers advantages to the art students that are not surpassed in America. It seems remarkable that a town which is so pre-eminently commercial in its interests and which has grown up in this commercial era, should in so short a time have achieved international fame in Art circles. The Art Institution "stands as the evidence of the public spirit and artistic taste of Chicago." Everyone, from the richest to the poorest, is given the opportunity to enrich his life by developing a taste for the true and the beautiful.

HEDWIG BRAND.

CLASS PROPHECY.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered sleepy, weary,
O'er the bulky volumes of Black Art and Magic lore,
Vainly searching their dull pages for a glimpse of coming ages,
For the secrets that the future for my class-mates held in store—
All suddenly I fell to nodding; then to napping, simply napping—
Only this, and nothing more.

But the resemblance to Poe went no further, for in my dream no mournful, melancholy raven appeared, but a monstrous owl, that, sage and serious beyond all description, solemnly saluted me. His deep emerald eyes blinked mysteriously, as they seemed to pierce all the secrets of the past and future. Encouraged by this token of favor from our class patron goddess, the wise Minerva, I begged the sage bird to tell me all our future destinies. At this piece of remarkable presumption he eyed me seriously, but deigned in a weird voice to question, "Who! Who!"

With the name on my lips I was spared the answer, for in the depths of those wonderful green orbs appeared a strange vision. I saw a stretch of rolling ocean, on the shore stood a woman with "sun-kissed" hair; her rosy cheeks flush brighter, as in the far distance appears the black smoke of an incoming vessel. There is a young naval officer standing on deck, and Bertie Rearick laughs as she thinks of fulfilling the prophecy of the old song, in the coming of her "Bobby Shafto."

Again the owl cries "Who! "Who!" and the scene changes. In a grand theater the tiers and boxes are crowded with people laughing and talking gaily. Suddenly a great silence falls on the house.

"Madame Duncani, the famous American prima-donna," you hear on all sides, and Elizabeth Duncan advances to enthrall her audience in "the sweet ecstacy of song."

"Who! Who!" again cries my sage instructor. From the distance comes a flying bicycle propelled by a rosy cheeked maiden.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown—
Take care!
Beware! Beware!"

For they belong to the merriest coquette alive. Suddenly there is a startled flurry! For a moment a spectator stops to consider which is girl and which is wheel; Then help arrives in the shape of a young Adonis, draped artistically in the classic folds of a "golf suit;" and the unfortunate Miss Ellis is escorted to her home. Since that accident Bertha disdains all ordinary wheels, and rides only on "a bicycle built" ——in other words, on a tandem.

Another scene looms up before me. Within the confines of "the smoky city" I see a gracious hostess, in whose handsome matronly features it is not hard to recognize Marsh Rees. She introduces her friends to the latest literary "lion," Margaret Birney, who has been gaining numerous laurels to add to the lustre of our class brilliancy.

"Who! Who!" resounds faintly, but my vision goes on. The broad aisles of a church appear, and with the strains of the wedding march I see a tall, stately bride. She is gowned in white, but look closely and you will see a tiny gold tiger pinned in her veil. For though our beloved president is devoted to the "Green and Gold," like Mrs. Micawber, "she will never desert" Princeton!

But I start with surprise, as in the darkness of the night a familar figure is dimly seen stealing through the shrubbery. She carries a darkened lantern. Can it be a feminine Diogenes in search of an honest man? No; it is only our class paradox, our sunny pessimist,

Mamie Lutz, that firm believer in the degeneracy of all mankind! She meets a big bearded man; with a glad cry, he joins her, and together they elope on their sensational tour to Alexandria!

But who is this stout, matronly figure I see? She has changed greatly since that day in her youth, when she discussed so deeply all the intricacies of "Historic Wooings!" Since then Hattie Berry has had much personal experience, for thrice now has she been what the newspapers call "one of the high contracting parties." Still the fire in her eye is unsubdued, and were the present incumbent of the honored position in her affection to retire from the realms of this mundane sphere, I have no doubt that our illustrious Vice-president would soon find another Prince Charming.

A tropical landscape, touched by the dying rays of the setting sun, appears, and I see a woman pacing restlessly to and fro. Her companion is a mystic Brahmin, who speaks incomprehensible words in a strange tongue. The woman understands, and nods gravely. Her keen gray eyes are bent on the ground, looking, perhaps, as Dickens' Doctor Strong was supposed to do, for "roots." They are very valuable to her just now, for Grace Terrill, disgusted with the frivolities of social life, is engaged in writing a Sanscrit dictionary!

In Europe I see two '96 pins. Florence Grandin has fulfilled the prophecy of her name in her romantic marriage with a Russian nobleman, while Carrie Janney is chaperoning her two daughters on a European tour. These young ladies have just graduated from M. V. S., and, needless to say, are perfect models of propriety, having been trained strictly according to the dictates of Doctor Preyer.

"Who? Who?" resounds again faintly the plaintive voice of the owl, but the vision in those emerald eyes goes on. I see the wild country which Frances Thirlkeld has chosen to be her future home. Forget-

ting entirely her old friends of THE RECORD, "Ed. Page" and "Philip Space," Frances, soon after leaving school, wedded the Rev. Mr. Blank, and together they went as missionaries to China! Frances no more discourses eloquently on the "Education of Faust," all her energies being concentrated on the conversion of the "heathen Chinee."

In a beautiful home is the girl whom we formerly knew as Blanche Wilson. The steady light in her blue eyes is undimmed by the mists of years. Her husband, a famous author, stands beside her. Their lives flow on quietly. No fears nor clamors of the outside world oppress them, as—

> "Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
> They keep the noiseless tenor of their way."

The owl cries again, "Who? Who?" warningly, but another class-mate appears. Progressive Florence King, believing that "Westward the course of empire takes its way," soon after leaving school went to California. Incidentally she discovered a gold mine. This, of course, made her an earnest opponent of "free silver." She is as deep a student of political history as ever. There is a certain young Congressman in the House, who makes brilliant speeches. Those who know his wife as well as we do, may suspect the real author of his wise sayings.

"Who? Who?" comes from the owl faintly. The light in the green orbs dies away. "But there is another Florence, tell me her destiny?" I cry. With a start, I opened my eyes; they fell upon the little owl in our class pin. The emerald eyes still blinked mysteriously, while by the light of the rising sun, I read our class motto—

"Character is Destiny."

FLORENCE MILLER, '96.

THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

THE Alumnæ Association was pleased to have as its guest at luncheon, Miss Willard, of Berlin, whom Mrs. Somers introduced as her *grandchild*, saying that many years ago, she as a young girl taught Miss Willard's mother and ever since they had been fast friends. Although their lives had been lived so far apart, Mrs. Williard being the principal of an American school in Berlin, very like our Mt. Vernon Seminary.

The daughter, a most charming girl, has recently been graduated from the Pestalozzi-Fröebel Kindergarten, of Berlin, and gave us a most interesting account of how the little German children are taught, almost from babyhood, to do so many useful things about a house. The Fröebel idea:

Freedom for development and development within the home, is most beautifully carried out, combining what we in this country call kitchen gardening with the kindergarten as we know it.

The tiny children from three to six years old are taught how to prepare food, washing vegetables, shelling peas, etc., while others rub up the brasses, clean lamps and dust furniture; for all the work of the kindergarten house is done by the children under the careful supervision of the teachers, and it is astonishing how many useful things these little bits of children learn to do. The principal idea is to teach children to be helpful members of their own homes, and there are classes in which a teacher takes four or five children of different ages and plays they are brothers and sisters in a home, showing each one just how to do an appointed task in the best way; and at the same

time making it so interesting that the little things will really want to do it.

There are no free kindergartens in Berlin, as the founders thought people appreciated more what they paid for, but the prices are so moderate that nearly every mother can avail herself of them.

Young mothers in our Association listened eagerly to Miss Willard's talk and gained many ideas—that they will no doubt carry out in their own homes for the interest and instruction of the restless little ones whose constant cry is, "What can I do?"

Miss Willard has charge of the W. C. T. U. Kindergarten work in this country, and we hope to see her often at Mt. Vernon Seminary, for the picturesque girl in her artistic frilled hat and with her charming bit of an accent won all our hearts.

She made a most welcome addition to our annual festival and we wish her the success that is surely awaiting her in this her very own country and among the little children to whom she is devoting her sweet young life.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Somers has planned to spend July at Lock Lynn Hotel, Blue Ridge Mountains, Va., and August in the Berkshire of Massachusetts. Some part of her vacation she will pass with Miss Brouse, who is building a charming summer home in the Virginia mountains.

Miss Theodote Smith will return to the faculty of M. V. S. next year, after an absence of two years, in which time she has taken the degree of Ph. D. at Yale, and pursued special studies at Clark.

Prof. Thom expects to devote next year to studying at Johns Hopkins University, and will cease in his relations to M. V. S.

Miss Austin, a former teacher, will next year become a member of the faculty.

Owing to recent nervous strain, Miss Hyde will be absent from the M. V. S. faculty next year. She has the sympathy of the Alumnæ Association in the loss of her sister in March.

Frau Professor Naumann sailed on June third for Germany, where she will remain all summer.

Mme. Kaspar also has gone to Germany for the summer, and will spend her time while there with relatives.

Mrs. Somers gave a delightful dinner March nineteenth, in honor of Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88, and Miss Louise McWilliams, '89. Misses Bradford, '88; Dingley, '90; Edwards, '93; King, '89; Brouse and Willis, '87; were among the guests.

Prof. and Mrs. Hodgkins (Marie Wilkinson, '86) gave a reception, January twenty-fifth, in honor of the new President of Columbian University, Rev. Dr. Whitman.

Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, is to spend the summer in England, joining an art class there. It is thought that she will continue her art studies in Paris next winter.

Miss Kate Stedman, '90, has been in ill health for some time and is now in Colorado.

Miss May Catlin, '95, made her debut at a tea given in December at her home on Euclid Place.

The Alumnæ Association will be glad to learn that in the Mattie Rhodes Mission, a charitable association in Kansas City, some old M. V. S. girls and graduates are among the Executive Staff. Miss Templer, Vice-President; Miss Myrtle Baird, '92, Recording Secretary; Miss Alice Ridenour, '93, Treasurer, and Miss Josephine Switzer, a member of the Finance and Kindergarten Committees.

Miss Hedwig Brand, '94, is summering abroad.

Miss Grace Terrill, '96, will go abroad this summer, with her mother, to remain a year.

Miss Carolyn E. Porte, '82, spent last winter in the home of Mrs. Dulles, in Watertown, New York.

Some months ago the engagement was announced of Miss Bertha E. Hammond, '92, to Dr. Neil McPhatter of Scotland.

Two pictures have recently been presented to the Chapel. One, "The Soul's Awakening," was given by Miss Nellie Ford, '92; the other, Murillo's "The Immaculate Conception," the gift of Miss Alice McCabe, '92, and Miss Carrie McCabe, '95.

Saturday, March fourteenth, Mrs. Somers gave a luncheon of twenty-six covers, in honor of two former pupils, Mrs. Dulles and Mrs. Lansing (Eleanor Foster, '84).

Miss Edith Hancock, '94, and Miss Oro Joseph Hemphill, '94, have devoted the last two winters to courses of study at Wellesley.

The wedding of Miss Anna Sargent, '92, last September, in Evanston, Ill., brought together several old M. V. S. girls. The bridesmaids who represented the Alumnæ were Miss Anna Hasselman, '92, Miss Beulah Hubbell, '93, Miss Helen Hurst, '92. Misses Mary Wilson, Martha Stockton and Winnifred Wilson, all M. V. S. girls, were also of the bridal group.

Miss Florence DePauw, '89, was a guest of Mrs. Somers for a week in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kidder Gilbert (Anna Sargent, '92), stopped a few days in Washington on their bridal tour, and were welcome guests at the school.

Miss Katherine Choate, '92, taught during the past winter at the Washington Seminary.

Miss Grace Willis, '87, spent the winter in Washington.

Miss Lizzie Field, '91, passed the winter at Natchez, Miss.

Miss Lucy Ricker, '90, graduated December fifth, from the Cooper Medical College, Cal.

Miss Edith Dingley, '90, wintered in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Harris (May Melish, '94), gave three months of the winter and spring to the Bermudas.

The Chicago I. T. S. reorganized October fourteenth, with the following officers: President, Hedwig Brand, '94; Vice-President, Alice McCabe, '92; Secretary, Gertrude Mellen, '93. This meeting was held at the home of Miss Brand, in Chicago. The club is to meet every two weeks at the homes of the members in Chicago and Evanston, and hopes to progress greatly in literary work.

Miss Florence DuPauw will spend the summer in travel abroad.

Miss Louise McWilliams, '89, was a guest in the city last winter and welcomed to M. V. S. She also visited Miss Florence DePauw in New York.

A large extension has been added to the old verandah of the "1100" building. The new verandah is several feet wider and extends around the corner of 1100. It is a great comfort to the whole household as it accomodates a large number. Among its other advantages may be named the covering of extensive cellars, and the roof, which is flat and railed in, makes a seventh heaven for the Seminary Cats. The old fountain which occupied the side yard of 1100 has been placed in the small court in front of the new building, giving a cool and pleasant outlook from the dining-room.

It was a source of great pleasure to welcome to the Reunion among the Alumnæ from out of town, Miss Katheryn Morgan, '86, Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88, and Miss Nellie Ford, '92.

Miss Dora V. Hill of the faculty was welcomed as a guest at the last Reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Buehler (Roberta Wolf, '90) are conducting a party abroad for the summer, from the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

Miss Dora Élise Dufour, '94, was a great addition to M. V. S. last winter as assistant teacher of Elocution and of Physical Culture.

Miss Caroline McCabe was a welcome visitor at M. V. S. last winter; also Miss Honora Louise Patton, '95, and Miss Lalla Ruth Carr, '95, who spent several delightful weeks in their old school home.

Miss Eleanor Sowers, '96, travels abroad for the summer.

Back numbers of the Annual may be obtained for fifty cents, by applying to Miss Helen Hurst, 1701 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C. The receipts to be used for the refreshment of the treasury.

MARRIED.

June 17, 1896, at Evansville, Ind., Miss Frances C. Scoville to Dr. William Miles Wishard.

September, 1895, at Washington, D. C., Miss Mary Hannah Diver to Mr. Harry Burroughs.

June 9, 1896, at St. Louis, Mo., Miss Sara Bainbridge Shields to Mr. William Marshall Warren of Boston, Mass.

September 19, 1895, at Evanston, Ill., Miss Anna Cushing Sargent to Mr. Henry Kidder Gilbert.

December 5, 1895, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Miss May Melish to Mr. Benjamin F. Harris of Champaign, Ill.

April 22, 1896, at Fort Thomas, Ky., Miss Blanche Barnitz to Hon. Hobart Marion Stocking.

January 20, 1896, at New Orleans, La., Miss Nellie M. Walker to Mr. Walter Collins Clephane.

DIED.

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May 25th, 1896, at Evanston, Ill., Mrs. Lina Wilson Alton.

January 20th, 1896, at Hyattsville, Md., Mrs. Frances H. Smith, mother of Mrs. Adalyn S. Holden.

August 4th, 1895, at North Wakefield, New Hampshire, Elizabeth B. Hatch.

December 10th, 1895, at Smethport, Pa., Mrs. Mary Bogisch, sister of Miss Scull.

BORN.

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———, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Wadsworth (Katherine L. Peck) a daughter.

February 17, 1896, to Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mower (Elsa D. Chamberlain) a daughter.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

NINTH ANNUAL
· · · REPORT · · ·

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCVII

EDITORIAL.

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Once more with the joyous advent of another summer did our dear Alma Mater gather around her her loyal children, who came with happy hearts and helpful hands to render homage at her shrine of hallowed memories. Once more, under the softening influences of dear familiar scenes and faces, were old friendships revived, new confidences exchanged, and the half-forgotten thoughts, aspirations and ideals of by-gone years quickened into life. Once more did the transient rays of the golden sunshine of youth rest upon us, and with wondrous Midas-like power transform us into "girls" again.

Unhappily, we realize the inevitable march of time in the absence of many loved members of our band. Dear Miss Scull was no longer with us to bless us with her saintly presence. We assure these distant sisters that their memories are still cherished at M. V. S., while the thought of their varied interests and noble work spurs us on to greater effort. Eliminating space, we ask them to join us in bidding welcome to the class of '97. We remind this new accession to our numbers that the Alumnæ Association, under whose protecting auspices they made their initial bows, will ever watch their careers with pride, will condone all mistakes, and in parting bids them a heart-felt God-speed!

The past year has been a prosperous one for our Alma Mater and the coming session promises as well. The most desirable social recognition of the Capitol has been extended to its pupils. The course of study has been gradually enlarged and broadened according to the progressing needs of a growing institution.

In the school buildings, so redolent with their memories of the past, still further changes will be made during the summer months. The partition separating the parlors will be removed, and in its stead handsome Corinthian columns supporting an arch will be erected,

the vista thus secured giving a distant view of the music room. The Chapel, which has been rendered more dear to our music-lovers by the recent accession of a fine new pipe-organ, will be re-decorated throughout, thus forming a more beautiful background for the numerous handsome engravings of world-famed religious pictures that have been presented to the school of late years.

For the pen sketches which we use as illustrations, thanks are due to the kindness of Mrs. Somers. They are taken from the new *Year Book* of the Seminary, which is unusually attractive in its many pictorial features. The exterior view we present will show the "old girls" the great change made by the new building, which replaces the conservatory so well-remembered of "lang syne"; while the remaining sketch will give them a delightful glimpse of the spacious music room.

When we gaze around this beautiful school-home, note its harmony, purpose, and result, our minds invariably turn towards the one whose refined taste, ennobling thoughts, and untiring efforts have wrought such wonderful transformations. To dear Mrs. Somers, the beneficent guide of our youth, the cherished friend and adviser of our womanhood, we offer our gratitude and unchanging love. Trusting with happy assurance, that despite the many other claims on her attention and time, she will not forget those, who, regardless of the lapsing years, still rejoice in the title of "her girls."

To our sister Alumnæ, in the various fields they have chosen for their life's work, we give the joint pledge, happiness and success in all efforts; and propose as an aid towards these ends the never-failing motto of our Alma Mater, "Vincit qui se vincit."

FLORENCE C. MILLER,
EDNA GREER LAKE,
ANNA L. HOEKE,
Editorial Committee 1896–'97.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

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Officers for 1897-'98

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President

MISS MARION DANE LILLEY

Vice Presidents

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2ND VICE PRES. MISS ALICE E. EDWARDS

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MISS LAURA BLANCHE POLKINHORN

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MISS KATHERINE CHOATE

Editorial Committee

MISS FLORENCE MILLER, *Chairman*

MISS EDNA GREER LAKE

MISS ANNA L. HOEKE

REPORT OF THE ANNUAL REUNION.

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held in the music room of the Seminary, Saturday, May 21, 1897.

In accordance with the decision made last year that the terms of the President and Secretaries should hold over until after the Reunion, Mrs. Holden, the retiring President, presided at the meeting.

Upon the introduction of the Class of '97 by Miss Thirlkeld, the President welcomed the new members in a very interesting speech, detailing the objects and duties of our Association, and referring to the pleasure and profit derived by active interest and membership.

Miss Phillips, the Class President, responded in a very charming manner. The roll was then called and the following program rendered :

PROGRAM

1. Piano Solo, ... Miss LAKE
2. Sonnet—"My Sweetest Joy," . Mrs. HOSEA
   Read by Miss HATTIE B. WALKER
3. *a*. Report of the Mothers' Congress, Miss BIRNEY
   b. Kindergarden Work, . . Miss SKILLMAN
   c. Child Study, . . . Miss THOMAS
4. Vocal Solo, ... Miss BOWEN
5. "A word from absent members concerning their work and interests since leaving school," Miss BRADFORD
6. Vocal Solo, ... Miss DINGLEY
7. Sonnet—"Our Heather Hill," Miss HASSELMAN
   Read by Miss DUFOUR
8. Piano Solo, ... Miss PLANT
9. Sonnet—"School Days," . . Mrs. NYE
   Read by Miss EDWARDS
10. Recitation, ... Miss DUFOUR
11. Vocal Solo, . . FRAU PROF. NAUMANN

After the program which, though longer than usual, was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, luncheon was served on dainty flower-decked tables in the reading-room. Miss Thirlkeld, the Toast-Mistress of the day, interjecting some very clever remarks in proposing the different toasts which were responded to very ably.

Upon the conclusion of the toasts, Mrs. Somers read a telegram from Miss Scull bearing a message of love and remembrance to the Association, which was deeply appreciated.

Before adjournment, Mrs. Somers proposed the combined singing of the School Song for the benefit of the "old girls." The verses are as follows:

SCHOOL SONG.

There are some who Ogontz favor,
And there are others who
To Farmington will ever
Most loyal be and true.
We will own that both are noble,
Their colors fair and bright,
But we're staunch defenders
Of Mount Vernon's gold and white.

Through four dear years of school life
The golden and the white
Have been to us a symbol
Of all that is most bright,
And in after years we find them
Aglow with memory's light,
So we'll ever be defenders
Of Mount Vernon's gold and white!

Great satisfaction being derived from our musical (?) effort, we again united to give the School "Yell," and to the resounding reverberation of "*Boom-a-racker! Boom-a-racker! Sis-sa-sern! M. V. S.! M. V. S.! Eleven hundred M!*" another enjoyable Reunion was brought to its close.

MAE MCCAULEY,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 30th, 1897.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury June 30th, 1896, . . .	$ 55.90
Received by Nellie W. Clephane, Treasurer, for dues '97, ...	158.00
Received for back numbers of Annual, . .	3.00
	$216.90

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid W. F. Roberts for printing Annuals, '96,	$ 49.00
Paid Helen Hurst for expressage and postage,	3.23
Paid Louise P. True, Corresponding Secretary, for postage and stationery, . .	12.55
Paid W. F. Roberts for engraving, ...	12.50
Paid Mary K. Bradford for postage and stationery, ...	1.38
Expended by Treasurer for postage and stationery, ...	5.66
Expended for luncheon, 1897, ...	52.70
Balance on hand June 30th, 1897, . . .	79.88
	$216.90

Nellie Walker Clephane,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

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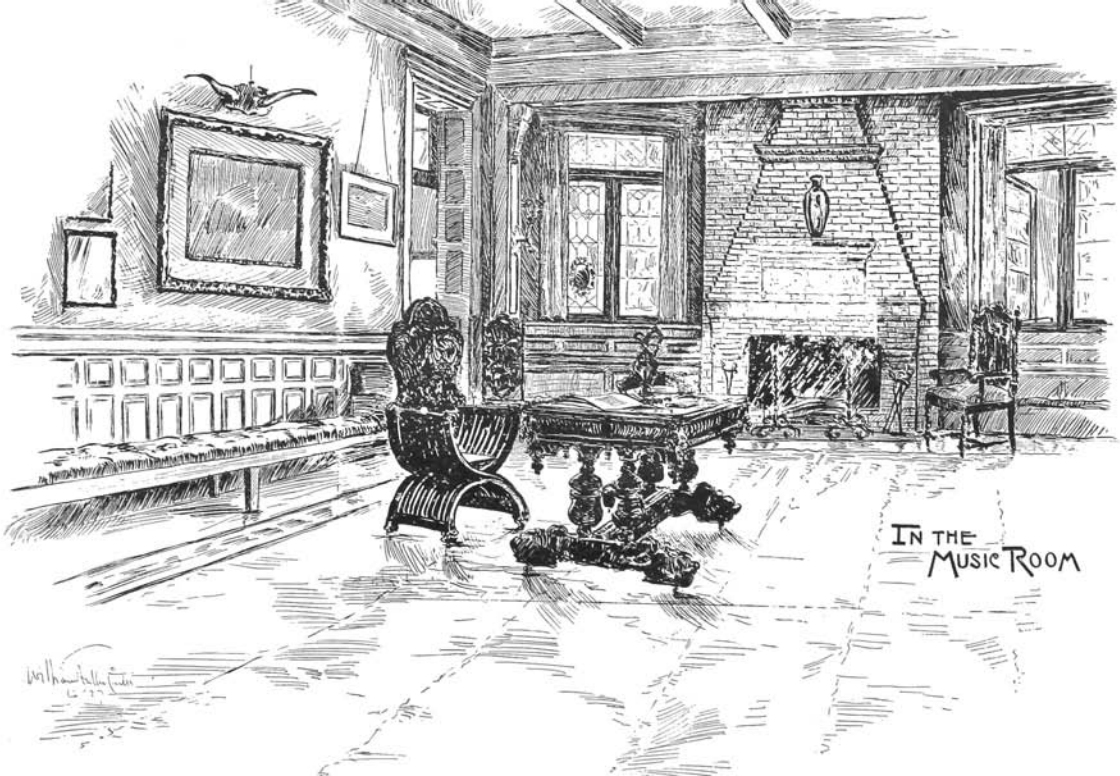
THE Class Night exercises of this year were held in the music room and were conducted by the Class President, Miss Grace Phillips. They differed materially from the program of former years, the reading of the papers of the Class Historian, Prophet, Poet and Mourner, being substituted in place of the usual graduating essays. The music room was most artistically decorated in the class colors, crimson and white; the class flower, the American Beauty rose, being used in great profusion. The bevy of snow-clad maidens on the platform with a back-ground of clusters of American Beauty roses, mingled with the feathery green of palms and ferns made a most charming and effective picture, and one not soon forgotten.

Commencement was held on June first in the Lutheran Memorial Church on Thomas Circle. The platform of the auditorium was luxuriantly framed in palms, amidst which gleamed clusters of yellow and white daises, emphasizing the school colors. The graduates, with Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Hensley, were seated on the platform, while the rest of the school occupied seats in the body of the church. The musical program was unusually excellent, while the address to the Graduating Class, delivered by President Stanley Hall of Clark University, was both helpful and interesting. After the presentation of diplomas by Bishop Hurst, the exercises closed; and twelve more girls went forth from M. V. S., each proudly holding her diploma, that precious bit of sheep-skin which entitled her to the possession of the highest honors of her Alma Mater.



IN THE MUSIC ROOM

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '97.

BY THE PRESIDENT,
MRS. ADALYN SMITH HOLDEN.

Young Ladies of the Class of '97:—

I am proud to be the first to welcome you and to congratulate you upon your entrance into our Alumnæ Association—you belong here. It is not within our power to grant you admission as a favor. Education does not come by birthright or inheritance, nor can it be "thrust upon" an unwilling subject, but with your diploma in your hand, you show that you have achieved your right of membership by perseverance and diligence and are worthy of this crown of honor. I hope that you deem the laurels of this particular Mt. Vernon Seminary well worth acquiring, and will aid us in keeping the garlands of each year fresh and imperishable.

It is our wish to make our Alumnæ Association prominent among the throng of like unions. Let us wear our little blue and gold enameled pin proudly—wear it not only at our reunions, but should we attend an important convention or take an extended trip. How pleasant it is to recognize a sister Alumna by the sign. Our graduates are all over the United States and are touring constantly. Would it not be refreshing in crowded Paris or the vale of Chamouni or, perhaps, at the base of an Egyptian Pyramid, to catch the gleam of our little M. V. S. badge?

And we wish the pin recognized by those who do not wear it, that it be a talisman to admit us into the highest literary circles. How may we accomplish

this? By feeling our individual responsibility to honor Mrs. Somers and our Alma Mater by showing our interest in and ambition for our Association by every means in our power. By never declining to take any office or part to which we may be assigned, unless very sure that we are incapacitated, and we must be slow to admit that mental incapacity. Be true to our motto, "Vincit qui se vincit." Conquer your timidity and modesty and perhaps a little inclination to be lazy and shirk. Try to do what you are asked to do, and you may thus discover a latent talent which your admiring classmates have suspected.

We must realize girls that we cannot lean forever on Mrs. Somers. She has helped us to our feet, led us step by step, and roused our flagging courage and enthusiasm by love-pats, and those electrifying admonitions which she knows so well how to apply. But shame upon us now, that we are grown up and graduated, that we should ever have to say: "Mrs. Somers, please make so and so behave and do what she is told." Let us rather aim to gladden her heart as she sees the fruit of her labors in our readiness and ability to reflect credit upon our Alma Mater. It should be a matter of no small pride to us to build up such an Alumnæ Association that the name of Mt. Vernon Seminary shall be inscribed in letters which time can never dim.

Be ambitious, girls! Be determined some time to be President of this renowned Association. You are young now and inexperienced, but as a writer of today sagely remarks, "a person don't no mo'n realize he's a descendent befo' he finds out he's a ancestor," and if you never decline to do what you are told, I think you may confidently hope sooner or later to be thus elevated.

Of course no one will accuse me for a moment with resorting to Tom Sawyer's device for getting the fence white-washed by thus recommending the office. This brief reign of authority I assure you is beautiful. No

doubt you are familiar with Jerome K. Jerome's classical little work entitled, "Three men in a boat, including the dog." In my delightful occupation of adjusting and readjusting the programme, and appointing and reappointing, I have been reminded of what one of the party said. It is something like this: "There is nothing lazy about me. I never could lie around and do nothing while others are working. I'd rather stand with my hands in my pockets and tell them how to do it."

So I have advised the girls. I have ordered sonnets, and told them how to write them (just general directions you know), and how easy it was (and I got that fence whitewashed). And then I recommended a debate, but somehow met with indifferent success, although I repeatedly assured them of my regret that my office incapacitated me from taking part, and reminded them that the argumentative bump is said by eminent authorities to be highly developed in the genus woman, which was proved by the alacrity and ingenuity of the reasons given for not debating.

You can readily see how interesting and desirable is this Presidential office. What scope, what range it affords for executive ability! Then to be toastmistress is another great honor and delight. You have the privilege of selecting your toasts and responders, and the latter are of course overwhelmed with pleasure to be chosen, and you bask among the poets and classics in your search for appropriate quotations, like a bee sipping nectar.

If any hold back from undertaking an office it must be surely from undue timidity, or a misconception of the duties involved. Places upon the Editorial Committee should be eagerly sought. It gives one such literary prestige, you know, and renown for business capacity. As for the Refreshment Committee, they simply play! Caterers and waiters are ordered ad lib. and do the work, while the committee have but to smile and receive the compliments of those who never

fail to do ample justice to the fine luncheon which follows the feast of reason.

I refer you to the Secretaries and Treasurer for recommendations of their offices, which I have no doubt will be enthusiastic. The Vice-Presidents alone hold usually only honorary positions, owing to the faithfulness of the President, who finds it hard to resign one iota of her brief authority.

This is a bird's eye view of the congenial work awaiting you who are so fortunate as to be resident members of the Alumnæ Association. It is a source of perennial youth, thus renewing each year the dear old school days, and a preventive of perennial youth in the intellect. We shall not forget or neglect you who will be at a distance, but will assign you from time to time, the dainty filigree of an essay or poem or greeting of some kind on the reunion programme.

I have no doubt that you will prove very useful as you will evidently be ornamental members. And so, congratulating you once more most heartily, I will make my final bow, and step back, reluctantly, into the ranks.

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '97

BY THE CLASS PRESIDENT,
CLARINDA GRACE PHILLIPS.

Mrs. President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

If the members of our class were called upon to-day to verify practically that popular fallacy, "An open confession is good for the soul," I wonder if most of us would not admit that a sigh of relief was breathed at twelve o'clock yesterday, when we realized that our school days were over. But, was there no lurking sadness in the rejoicing? Was there no pang when we remembered that other names would efface ours from next year's class book, that other voices would respond to next year's roll-call? New faces will take our accustomed places and, oh! how soon we will seem to be forgotten by our teachers and schoolmates, for we will have passed out of their lives, and our duties will be taken up and fulfilled by others.

Henceforth our names will be associated with the past history of M. V. S., not with the living present. We now pass from active school life into the sheltering fold of the Alumnæ Association, to which the President just now so kindly and cordially welcomed us. Our hearts thrill to these warm words of greeting, to these gentle admonitions, and entering this new association we earnestly hope that we will accept our personal responsibility to Alma Mater.

The class of 'ninety-seven brings you but one resident member, Miss Edith Birney. To her we must look for our representation in all business meetings,

relying upon her readiness and willingness to assume any duty the association may assign her. She is as good as gold, and we know she will do honor to the class of 'ninety-seven.

I urge my classmates to meet with the Alumnæ Association whenever possible, and thus keep alive our feeling of common fellowship, for we are all M. V. S. girls, whether of the class of 'seventy-six or 'ninety-seven. We are fresh from school and inexperienced, untested, while many of you have had broader and deeper contact with the world, your knowledge is increased and your judgment ripened.

"Youth is always ready to promise and yet we shrink from pledging ourselves to work as faithfully as you have worked. But love fills all measures, and drawing between us the bonds of a sympathetic and the permanent union, shall encircle us with beneficence of your helpfulness, and enrich you with the energy and enthusiasm of our loyalty."

In Memoriam.

LINA WILSON ALTON.

DIED MAY 25, 1896.

A BEAUTIFUL life has been given to us—a noble example—a woman in whose daily life we could plainly see that she "had been with Jesus."

A life full of work for God, but with no earthly affection or duty crowded out. As daughter, schoolmate, wife and mother, she was faithful as well in small as in great things, neglecting no opportunity, however trivial it might appear, to say or do the thing which might make someone else happier.

And when the invitation came from the King of Kings, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world," we may be sure that the answer was a glad and ready one.

A busy worker was Lina, with hands and heart always full. And was not that the secret of her great success?—for her sheaves were many—and her heart was in her work.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Lina's work was in many directions—in the Sunday school, the King's Daughters, the Floral Club, the Missionary Society; indeed, there was scarcely a branch of church work in which she was not an active worker and a leading spirit. And surely her influence, her example, are still working for her, and she, being dead, yet speaketh.

While we mourn our own loss, surely we can but be glad for her who has exchanged her earthly home for "an everlasting habitation—an house not built with hands"—who is in constant company with her loving Saviour, who is absolutely safe from all sorrow and pain, with Him who is too wise to make a mistake and who loves her infinitely more than we can.

"Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
  Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say, and through the word,
I think their happy smile is heard,
  'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

KATHERING MORGAN.

A WORD FROM ABSENT MEMBERS.

At our June reunion this year our program seemed to be one of *development*, for we had a fine paper on kindergarten work, a talk on child study and a report of the Mothers' Congress held in Washington last winter. It therefore seemed quite fitting that we should hear how our absent members were developing, along what lines they were working or in what they were particularly interested. A letter to this effect was sent to about thirty non-resident members of the Alumnæ Association, the aim being to hear from one or two in each year since the first graduation in 1876. In this we were only partially successful, but all the letters received were most interesting and helpful and were listened to with eagerness by the seventy-five or more members present. We would like to give the letters in full, but that being impossible, we can only state the main idea in each one, hoping this will be but the beginning of a yearly Alumnæ correspondence.

Mrs. Ida Hawley Robbins, '79, writes: "I am simply possessing my soul in patience as the dutiful wife of an aspiring young physician, and in this capacity, though actively engaged in ministering to the necessities of others, I am yet learning the secret of a restful life which Goethe tells us, is in 'fitting one's self to one's sphere.'"

Mrs. Myra Goodwin Plantz, '80, writes from Appleton, Wis., where she is the busy wife of the President of Lawrence University. She tells of her interest in and work for the college girls, of her literary work, for she has published two books and has another ready for press, besides writing for the *Epworth Herald*, *Sunday School Times* and other papers, and says that she constantly keeps two great objects before her. First, "the practice of the presence of God," and second, "the development of what is best in herself that her life may be blessed to others." She says: "I am convinced that women can be true to the sweet duties of wives and mothers, and not be mere domestic machines. There are many women 'living for both worlds' and they are doing what I hope to do."

Mrs. Plantz mentions meeting Ida Andrus '78, and says she is a great success as a teacher in Indianapolis. Mabel Eddy is preceptress at Lawrence University, and is doing fine work as a teacher of German and French.

Miss Carolyn Porte, '82, who is living with Miss Scull at Smethport, Pa., writes: "The thought which most influenced me at school and which has been more or less the controlling motive power of my life ever since, is this, that life—physical, intellectual, spiritual life—is *a unit;* that education or living is a process of development; that the ideal man or woman exists in every human being, and that our great work and privilege in the world is to help develop or, I might better say, *uncover* the ideal in ourselves and others." Miss Porte further says: "To Mrs. Somers my gratitude must ever remain supreme for this great life principle, and for her constant encouragement and aid in its development."

Mabel Crampton McCarrack, '85, writes from her home in Brooklyn, "What could so awaken the very best in a woman, so tend to her highest development, so make her tender and compassionate, so open great fountains of love toward every living object, and make

her think the best thoughts as the great happiness of being a *mother*."

Mary Isabelle Potter, '85, lives in Farmington, Conn., and tells of traveling from California to Honolula, and from there to Japan, only to spend a year in a hospital bed, on her return. She exclaims, "why do so many of us need a severe illness to bring us to our senses? I had labored in boys' clubs and girls' circles, had been president and secretary of various mission bands and church societies, and had tried to do my share of the world's work, as I thought, but I realized when ill how poorly it had all been done and how much of selfishness had after all entered into my best work, and so I commenced again, and here I am to-day, dear friends, laboring in my appointed place, but with a new impetus and God's eternal strength behind me. A happy home, healthy in body, and at peace within, what more could one desire?

Miss Potter after training at the New York Training School for Deaconesses and the Kindergarten Normal School, was made a Deaconess in Trinity Church, New Haven, the past year.

Phila Calder Nye, '91, writes from New Bedford, Mass.: "The influence of the dear M. V. S. is ever present with me and I think is the best part of my girlhood."

Ina Taft, '90, from Chicago, says: "My life is one composed of small duties that fill it to the limit, and should I be asked my frank opinion of the higher work of woman should have to reply that I believe the truest and best women were our grandmothers and the so-called old fashioned women."

Myrtle Baird, '92, is interested in the Mattie Rhodes Society in Kansas City, an organization of twenty girls, whose mission has been chiefly concerned with work among little children. She is now in training to fit herself to take charge of a Free Kindergarten in connection with that Society.

Laura E. Booge, '92, writes from Chicago: "The

thought most helpful to me is that we must have more faith not only in the people about us, but in ourselves, our real higher selves, the God within each one of us."

As Addie Burr Clark, '88, of New York, was present at the reunion she told us most entertainingly of her interest in the George Junior Republic, a philanthropic enterprise, inaugurated by Mr. George some eight years ago in Freeville, N. Y., near Ithaca, where he took some twenty boys and girls from the worst slums of New York home to his father's farm for a summer vacation. From this small beginning has grown the Junior Republic where some six hundred boys and two hundred girls, during the summer months form a little community all by themselves and govern their small republic as nearly as possible along the lines of the Government of the U S.

As a fitting finale to this most interesting and helpful program, Agnes Inch, '85, talked a few moments of the work to which she is devoting her sweet young life. She explained that after the child had been studied about, after he had left the Kindergarten and the School, and perhaps had strayed away and fallen by the wayside, then she and those working with her, searched the wanderer out, took him by the hand and showed him "The Way of Life." She gave several descriptions of rooms she had lately visited where she found sickness and misery and death, and ended a talk that brought tears to many eyes, by saying she had no mission—she was simply a child of the Master, sent each day where He bade her go, taking the word of Life to hungering souls. Truly a noble work and life and a fitting ending to our heart to heart talk.

MARY KNIGHT BRADFORD.

SONNETS.

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MY SWEETEST JOY.

◆

The world erstwhile so dark, grows bright to me,
And gentle love comes creeping through my heart,
Sweet love, that bids sad thoughts from me depart.
The day shines fair and glad as morn can be,
The very birds sing sweeter in the tree,
And sorrow hastens from my soul to part.
To tell my joy is far beyond my art
So sweet a tenderness there rests with me.
Full well I know this peace is Heaven sent,
And has not any trouble with it blent.
To every mother it is sometimes lent.
This sweet oblivion. Care must surely flee.
What causes all this happiness to be?
My baby wakes, and waking, smiles on me.

MARY WOODSON HOSEA.

OUR HEATHER HILL.

There somewhere is a hill of purple heather—
A brown and winding path of fern so sweet
It cannot have been trod by mortal feet
'Till you and I, my comrade, went together
Discovered the deer path and wondered whether
A nix or pixie we should chance to meet.
Or see on distant moor the red stag fleet
Pursued by eager huntsmen o'er the heather.
And now when sadness comes or discontent
My daily tasks grow dull or I'm alone,
My inward eye can see that far-off hill;
And hither still in dreams my steps are bent
To that secluded sweetness all our own
Where reunited, we may roam at will.

ANNA HASSELMAN.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

◆

In other days, when life seemed just in reach
And we, but school-girls, sought to grasp and hold
That vision bright with promise, we were told
To treasure up our school days: they would teach
Us, fit us well in thought and word and speech
For all that life would bring; Behold,
We knew not what it was, that touch of gold
That brightened all our days, belonged to each,
And yet unknown by any name, a thought
Of which lay dormant in the mind of all
To keep us true and strong. Thus we were taught
And to each one there seems to fall
A portion of the talisman. 'Tis caught
And held the greatest treasure of them all.

PHILA CALDER NYE.

TOASTS.

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Miss Francis E. Thirlkeld, M. C.

"Our School," - MISS JENNIE NELSON HOSEA

(Read by Miss Lillie May Bowen.)

"If I had a daughter, I would send her at nine years old, to a boarding school that she might learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts, and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry that she might know something about the contagious countries; but above all she should be mistress of orthodoxy that she might not misspell and mis-pronounce so shamefully as girls usually do; and moreover that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she was saying."

Our Artists, - - MISS ALICE E. EDWARDS

"Strength lends ground. Art makes a garden there."

Our Histrionic Stars, MISS DORA ELISE DUFOUR

"Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise;
We love the play place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at the sight and feels at none."

Our Teachers, - MISS HATTIE B. WALKER

"Of the making of books there is no end,
And much study is a weariness to the flesh."

Our Debutantes, - MISS ELEANOR K. SOWERS

"Standing with contented feet
Where the school and ball-room meet."

Our Engaged Girls, - MISS HEDWIG BRAND

(Read by Miss Edith Dingley.)

"When I said I would be a girl-bachelor
I did not think I should live to be married."

Our Youngest,—The Class of '97,
MISS EDITH BIRNEY

RESPONSES.

Our School.

To decide what *not* to say in response to a toast to "Our School" is more difficult than to decide what to say. If we should speak of our school, our dear M. V. S., in its past, present and future, what pages on pages could be written. How much could we say out of our hearts, of the sweet influence of the teachers, of all their kindness to us; of the impulse toward all that is noblest and best, which we received here! Though our stay may have been for only a few years, every girl who goes forth from this home, must feel its impress upon all her after life. I am sure the exponents of the school, the Alumnæ, who are so nobly filling their various positions in life, will all join with me in saying that whatever is noblest and finest in their characters was nurtured and cherished into life and strength here.

To how many is Mount Vernon Seminary truly a cherishing mother, filling the places of our nearest and dearest! How many "old girls" come back, as to a dear home, finding always the same sweet welcome and kind helpfulness.

If we were to speak of each dear friend, it would require a paper out of all proportion to the demands of this occasion. Yet it is impossible not to mention our dear Miss Scull. Who that has felt her gentle influence can ever disassociate her with any thought of life here?

May I not then, in responding to this toast, name only our dear Mrs. Somers, the center and heart of "Our School."

JEANNIE NELSON HOSEA.

Our Artists.

In searching through the annals of M. V. S. for those Alumnæ artists whom I am to toast to-day, I was reminded somewhat of a story of what happened to a certain lady not long ago. The lady, it seems, was a member of a large as well as select Anthropological or some such learned society, and she was one day given a subject on which she was expected to prepare a paper to read at a particular meeting. "The Tombs of Assyria" was her allotted theme, and in fear and trembling she set to work to gather material for a paper which should be satisfactory to so learned an assembly. But fate seemed against her. She ransacked library after library, both public and private, but nowhere could she find any information on the tombs of Assyria. They were not even mentioned. Days passed into weeks, and in a last extremity she called upon her husband for assistance. But, to her discomfiture, his efforts proved equally unsuccessful, and she was reduced to despair. Finally, in an idle moment, she turned to her own little private Encyclopædia Brittanica, and there, in that neglected place, she found her first information; but it was brief and read as follows: "There are no tombs in Assyria." As she had already had an uncomfortable presentiment of this disclosure, she managed to sustain the shock—but what could repay her for those weeks of patient labor lost? She could not resist the temptation to revenge herself on her learned colleagues. She did not inform the President of the mistaken title and beseech that a new subject might be given her. She kept silence. The day of the meeting arrived and she went, and arose promptly when it was announced that she would address the society on the subject of "The Tombs of Assyria." Then she broke the expectant silence with the result of her labors simply proclaimed: "*There are no tombs in Assyria,*" and sat down to observe the crestfallen looks of the learned members!

I will not go so far as to say that there are no artists

in the Alumnæ Association, there are certainly very few in comparison with the number of members, and with perhaps one exception these few are, so to apeak, as yet in embryo. I do not mean to imply that there are not a great many in our ranks artistically inclined, but refer simply to those who have chosen art as a profession or set occupation, and expect one day to let the world and the Alumnæ Association hear from them. There is one in the class of '82 who has already given the association reason to be proud of her and is prepared to do more in the near future; another in the class of '92 has had honorable mention of late in her home papers, and two enter the association to-day with the class of '97, one of whom expects to begin serious art work at once. Also the present speaker is not without a few mild ambitions—and this is the present extent of our artistic attractions. Can it be that the artist's mind is disqualified for graduation that so few artists have found their way among us, or is it that they are here but find time, as described in the poem, too fleeting and art too long, for their endeavors to be watched by their Alumnæ sisters, and therefore work in secret waiting to burst upon us unexpectedly some day when they have achieved their end.

It seems a little singular that while we have writers and musicians and elocutionists always represented at our reunions, no artist figures there. None has as yet arisen to present us with a painting of the "Old School House," a poster for our Reunion banquet, or a design for the cover of our Annual. What a field is here open for aspirants to the role of artist among us. Though

> The labor is not small
> Yet winds the pathway free to all.

Therefore let us drink to the Alumnæ artists yet to come as well as to those now of our number. May they have the most realistic health and success, the most vague and impressionistic disappointments and struggles, and may the brush and the palette add some day to the honor of the Alumnæ Association and Alma Mater!

ALICE E. EDWARDS.

Our Histrionic Stars.

The past has a kind faculty of thrusting the pleasant things into the foreground and when the study days come back to us, as they are sure to do no matter how many sorrows and pleasures try to banish the old memories, there will remain only the happiest times to muse upon, the most interesting studies, the school desk, large parties, germans and our dramatic efforts. It is to the last that my mind will revert, to our Histrionic Stars. A sad heart may some day be lightened by a half faded program of one of our plays. A cross face may be turned into sunshine by the remembrance of "The Mouse Trap," "The Shakespearian Burlesque," "Twelfth Night," or what not? for our troop has a varied repertoire.

Few upon the professional stage can rival our Lady Macbeth. For volume of voice and tragic facial expression, Miss Thirlkeld defies anyone to excel her. Indeed Modjeska would do well to study from her the lines,—"Out Damned Spot"—with the accompanying gesture. If we gave our histrionic stars medals she would deserve one for her willingness to meet our every need no matter how many her school duties.

The greatest of all our company is now across the sea and we sigh for her often. Does Nora send us back a thought sometimes? If either she or Cecil White would return to us we might startle the world with a wonderful production of "As You Like It," but unless one of them come to the rescue, Rosalind must be two feet taller than her lover!

In comedy we have many able workers both among the new and old girls. It is in the masculine roles that Edith Hancock is valuable. As the nonchalant society youth she is irresistable—In striking contrast to her happy-go-lucky fellow is the swell, fierce gentleman played by Miss Bowen, who made her first hit as Olivia. In this performance she was wooed by a marvelously fine Duke so far as voice, hair, and eyes were concerned. Miss Edwards conceived the Duke always

lying down—a thoroughly original interpretation of the character, but also the only possible one for Miss Edwards. A creature who cried

> "If music be the food of love, play?
> Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
> The appetite may sicken and so die."

must surely have been long and lank, so we built Elsie out with hymn books and covered her with a lovely robe.

The class of 'ninety-seven will take from us two budding stars, Ella Thomas and Alice Kuhnen and also one of the pillars of the dramatic department. Mollie can play anything from Nidia down to a little waif singing in the stage wings—that is if she can stay awake long enough to learn her lines. Our histrionic stars are far too numerous to mention them all but we'll toast each one. Some have real talent, many ambition. Will they be satisfied with playing at art? Let us hope they will be content to be obscurely great, that they will find a broader stage to live upon than the one behind the foot-lights. Some one says "When God conceived the work, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama." May our dear girls reign in the world's great drama with smiling faces and helping hands, and may they never forget our dear old days at M. V. S. Let us toast our histrionic stars and ask God to bless them.

DORA ELISE DUFOUR.

Our Teachers.

I never knew but one person who had a standing account at a theater. She was a colored domestic in the home of one of my friends. Once while giving a description of a play she had just seen, she said: "And, Miss Mary, he raised his hands to heaven and with a loud voice he cried, 'Oh Matchimony, Matchimony,' and immediately Matchimony appeared on the scene."

To some such fervent supplication as this and with similar results, I ascribe the fact that there are but few members of our organization who have become teachers.

One of these is the honored and useful wife of the President of Lawrence University; a second is a member of the Faculty of the same institution ; another is winning laurels at Miss Hersey's school in Boston ; a fourth, conscientious and faithful, is working in Indianapolis, while she, who toasts to-day "Our Histrionic Stars," adorns the Faculty of her Alma Mater. I would not by word of mine, mar the fair story you have heard from those who work among the children and among the poor and needy—teachers they, in the noblest acceptation of the word.

Much is expected of an alumnæ teacher. For exemption from active duty, the matron need but present a few husbands and babies and things like that, but just be an old maid school-teacher with seventy-five or a hundred girls to engross your energies—then you are expected to write a sonnet, to act as President, to be Mistress of Ceremonies at the Re-union, to debate with ardor on the development in the mind of a child, and having with unprecedented moral back-bone, refused these various and multiplied honors—I warrant you, you will yet succumb and find yourself doing your colleagues up brown and serving them on toast, or worse fate, rhapsodizing in public over "your sweetest joy" *a baby's smile.*

Teaching is noble work. There is no profession with such splendid opportunities for influencing and moulding. Then, too, a teacher cannot stand still herself and be successful. She must learn as well as teach. *And she does.* How many of your poor mothers know the story of the Spartan boy who having stolen a fox, concealed it beneath his tunic and allowed it to gnaw out his *victuals* rather than betray himself by the movement of a muscle ?

Did you ever hear that type-metal is a mixture of

tin and alimony, or that a diabolic mirror is the kind used in the headlight of a locomotive.

There may be some among you to-day who cannot appreciate the fine point of these statements. Let them not despair, but solace themselves with the remark made by a friend who when I remonstrated with her about laughing so immoderately at her own jokes, said—"But I can't help it. Those are the only ones whose points I ever see." With a full sense of her duties, of her privileges, of her responsibilities, let us drink deep to the Alumnæ Teacher—Long may she wave!

HATTIE BELLE WALKER.

Our Debutantes.

Bud, blossom, butterfly; what countless appellations greet the debutante as she crosses the threshold and bows her recognition to the world! Fair names these, which urge her forward to make a place for herself.

Sad indeed must be her lot, if beneath the kindly shelter of her Alma Mater she has not already learned that there is a reality, a gravity, and a meaning to life.

Priceless friendships formed, undoubting truths discovered, precious memories gathered. If she has but these she joins the world not boasting of a value brought, but rather wondering with her little capacities what she can do for the world, what her duty is toward the world. Let her begin life with this for her motto, and believe with Carlisle;—"I too could say now to myself: Be no longer a chaos but a world, or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it then."

But the strains of a waltz drifts by, and all little moralizing is for the present forgotten. Ah! my timid debutante of next year, beware! For you must be timid. As England expects every man to do his duty, so you are expected to be FRIGHTENED. It

was a naive reply that one of this year's debutantes made when asked that oft-made query "How long have you been out." "Just twenty minutes," was her response, "and I am *so scared.*" This timidity naturally tends in inverse ratio to our advancement. Which statement reminds me that by my boldness you may have judged me a maiden of many winters, so for the sake of my comrades let me hasten to repair my error, and wishing the coming debutantes God speed, sink again into bashful silence.

ELEANOR K. SOWERS.

Our Engaged Girls.

Maidens, Maids and Matrons:—

Why the Alumnæ Association should invite one of its members to reply to the toast, "Our Engaged Girls," is a question that has perplexed my mind for some time. I can ascribe but two possible reasons for it.

The invitation may have been issued as a challenge to our engaged girls in general (though directed at one in particular)—a challenge to defend our actions in regard to matrimony. This hardly seems a laudable reason, however, as there are numerous members of the Association who took this step in the past, and all the others are contemplating doing the same in the future. Of course, there are some who will deny this last assertion. We will not urge them to a confession now, but are prepared for it at any time. A challenge, therefore, cannot possibly have been the motive.

That leaves me only one other explanation. It is a curious fact that "of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people"; yet of all the actions of our life it is the one that interests other people most. So perhaps it was curiosity to know "all about it" that prompted this very considerate invitation. If that was the case, I regret, dear sisters, that you limited me to a toast and did not allow me the privilege of writing a dissertation on the subject.

Nothing would have afforded me more pleasure than to discourse at length on the "Engaged Girl," giving a psychological analysis of the condition of her mind and heart. I am sure that I could have presented some very interesting phenomena to the uninitiated.

As it is, I should like to advance a new theory on the subject, for the discovery of which we have to thank our Engaged Girls. By unanimous consent, it has been named the "Fourth Law of Emotion," and is as follows: *The square of the increased size of the heart is proportional to the cube of the decreased power of the mind.* Any engaged girl can vouch for the truth of this law. Numerous illustrations of it could be given, but I shall tell only one, which was confided to me by one of our own number. Some time ago she took up the study of Darwin's "Origin of Species," and found to her great surprise that she could understand more of it than she had dared to hope. She worked cheerfully and eagerly, with very beneficial results. When in the midst of these mysteries, the great event, her engagement, took place. Of course she did not think of settling down to work again during the next month, but when she had had time to regain her equilibrium, she went back to her study of Darwin, to find, alas! that she had no idea what he was talking, or rather writing, about. She struggled for several days, and then patiently began at the beginning again, but even the part she had understood perfectly before, had become cloudy and uncertain. Her mind could receive only such thoughts as referred to the one species called *man*, but was closed to all other impressions.—Dear girls, take this precaution in your own cases: begin to read Darwin before any thought of marriage presents itself to your mind, for later on your mental faculties will not be equal to the work.

Longfellow said: "The power of love in all ages creates angels." So, I suppose, we engaged girls must pose as the "larvæ of angels," whose wings will grow by and by. Alas, my sisters, how few of your old

friends you will recognize in this new rôle. Those whom you remember as the most independent, become meek under the mystic spell, the fractious are docile, the stubborn, gentle. No matter who the girl is, she discovers sooner or later that Byron was perfectly right, when he said that "All who joy would win must share it– happiness was born a twin."

"Our Engaged Girls" only wish to add that they hope all their maiden friends will soon see the "error of their ways," and will follow in the footsteps of us, their wiser sisters. We send you all, Maidens, Maids, and Matrons, a friendly greeting. Under all, even "engaged" circumstances, our hearts turn in love and gratitude to our dear Alma Mater, where we were prepared for the duties which shall henceforth be ours, not only as "Engaged Girls," but as good, true, and loving wives.

HEDWIG BRAND.

Our Youngest,—The Class of '97.

When I was informed that I would be expected to respond to the toast which has just been offered, I was also told that my response must be brief, in fact the impression left upon my mind was that the shorter my speech was the better my listeners would be pleased, since their patience would be somewhat worn and frayed at the edges by the time my turn would arrive. So you may be sure I will be brief, even though what I shall say of the Youngest will not adequately declare all her virtues. Some may perhaps suggest that this brevity is due to a *lack* of good things in this youngest child of M. V. S., and my recognition of the deficiency, but this is so far from the fact and the merits of our class are so apparent that I am sure such suggestions can only come from those who being blind cannot see, and being deaf cannot hear.

Since the baby is, and always should be, the pet of the household, it may be counted on as certain that, until another twelve months shall bring forth another

debutante, our older sisters will severally agree that with *one exception* the class of '97 is the most charming, the most talented and the most creditable to our Alma Mater that has yet gone forth into the world. Of course, the exception in the thought of each individual sister, who may so express herself, will not be the same as that in the mind of her concurring sister, unless it happens that they were graduated in the same class. But sure that this disagreement as to the date of this exception will not be made known, we shall rank in the estimation of all as second only to one class, and as we know that that particular class may not be named with anything approaching unanimity, and that the claims of superiority over us by any one class will be negatived by the votes of at least twenty other classes, we may well claim that the Youngest is also the loveliest and the best.

EDITH S. BIRNEY.

PERSONALS.

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Owing to the many improvements to be made on the school buildings, Mrs. Somers did not leave the city until the middle of July. Her summer will be spent on the southern coast of Massachusetts and in the Berkshire Hills.

Miss Ina Taft, '90, was a recent guest at the Seminary on her way to New York, from whence she will sail for a six months' trip in Europe. For the past two years she has been engaged in philanthropic work in the Hull House in Chicago. She has also served as president of the Chicago Fortnightly Club, a literary society of seventy-five young women.

Tuesday, May eleventh, a band of "old" M. V. S. girls met at Mrs Somer's dinner table and enjoyed the evening together. The Alumnæ members present were: Misses Florence DePauw, '89, Louise McWilliams, '89, Edith Dingley, '90, Florence Grandin, '96, Blanche Baber, '95, Nellie Hosea, '94, and Elsie Edwards, '93.

Mrs. Hensley sailed for Europe on June tenth, with a party of M. V. S. girls, expecting to spend four months in travel. Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, is among the number.

Miss Anna Hasselman, '92, visited the school for a few days in December.

Miss Mary Lutz, '96, and Miss Grace Terrill, '96, made their debuts at very charming teas in January.

Mrs. Roberta Wolf Buehler, '90, spent a few days in our city recently, and was one of the receiving party at Miss George Swope's debut.

We were pleased to have with us at the Reunion, two of the out-of-town members of the Alumnæ, Mrs. Addie Burr Clarke, of New York, and Mrs. Cora W. Hayes, of Manitou, Col.

Miss Honora Patton, '95, was studying during the winter at the Dramatic School in New York. Later, accompanied by Miss Lalla Ruth Carr, '95, she sailed for Europe to remain until August.

Misses Hattie Berry, '96, and Elizabeth Duncan, '96, have entered the field of teaching.

The Alumnæ Association was pleased to have as its guests at the Reunion: Miss Adah Hudson, Mrs. Somers' niece, Mrs. Hugh R. Wilson, of Evanston, Ill., Mrs. Eddy, and the following members of the faculty: Miss Theodate Smith, Frau Naumann, Miss Dora V. Hill, Miss Bingham and Miss Hall.

Miss Mazie Brown, '94, wintered in New York.

Miss Ella Thomas, '97, and Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, expect to study art together next winter, in Paris. Miss Thomas will spend the summer at the home of Frau Naumann's mother, Frau Schubert, in Berlin, while Miss Edwards will travel with Mrs. Hensley's party.

"The Queen of Inaugural Ball," says a City of Mexico paper, "held recently at the School of Mines was Mrs. Joseph H. Hampson, wife of the President and General Manager of the Mexico, Cuernavaca and Pacific Railway." In Mrs. Hampson, M. V. S. will recognize Blanche Wilson, '96.

Miss Marsh Rees, '96, was a guest of Miss Grace Phillips, '97, during February.

Mrs. Nellie Vilas Moore, '81, is President of the Kansas State Federation of Women's Clubs, and is conducting in a very able manner a *Woman's Club Department* in one of the leading newspapers of the State.

Miss Eleanor K. Sowers, '96, and Miss Margaret Birney, '96, made their debuts in December.

Miss Anna Hasselman, '92, has been gaining honors in her artistic work. She designed the cover for this year's Program Book of the Indianapolis Musical Festival. The exceeding beauty and attractiveness of the book makes it serve also as a souvenir of the event. Miss Hasselman's other work has also received commendation from Indianapolis critics. We quote the following from *The News*, referring to her recent exhibition of five water colors:—"They are a step aside from the landscapes that are their neighbors, and have a very different atmosphere. In the 'Heather Path' the fresh, healthful air, as one looks upon and studies this picture, seems almost blowing down over the English moors and bringing with it new strength and vigor."

On Friday, May twenty-first, Mrs. A. R. Holden, (Adalyn Smith, '79), entertained M. V. S. classes '96 and '97, at a charming afternoon reception, at her beautiful home "Bonnie Brae," Hyattsville, Md. Among the other guests present were Mrs. Somers and Miss Mary Knight Bradford, '88.

Miss Jennie Nelson Hosea, '94, returned from her protracted stay in Europe and was a guest at M. V. S.

Among the Governors elected in the "McKinley States" was Governor Tanner, of Illinois, father of Mrs. John A. Barnes, (Lucy Tanner, '90).

In September Miss Marsh Rees, '96, gave an M. V. S. tea at her home in Pittsburg, Pa., in honor of her guests Miss Mollie Knapp, '97, and Miss Grace Phillips, '97.

Dr. Samuel Plantz, husband of Myra Goodwin Plantz, '80, has received notification of his election as member of the Victorian Institute of London, the leading philosophical society of Great Britain.

Mrs. Phila Calder Nye, '91, was a guest of Mrs. Somers for several weeks during the winter.

Miss Francis Thirlkeld, '96, was a post-graduate student at M. V. S. this year.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hedwig Brand, '94, to Mr. Carl Gottfried, of Chicago. The date of the wedding is fixed for September second. Miss Daisy Squier, a former M. V. S. girl, will be maid of honor.

Miss Cornelia Wright, '91, gave a luncheon on February fifth in honor of her guest, Mrs. Katherine Harnden Koren. Among those present were Miss Frances Clapp, '91, Miss Guard, Miss Anna King, '89, and Miss Grace Wright, '94.

Mrs. May Melish Harris, '94, and Miss Nellie Ford, '92, were among the visitors at the school in February.

The Inauguration brought a number of old M. V. S. girls to the city, who were very welcome at the school. Among those who called were Mrs. Eleanor Brush Hempstead, '91, and Mrs. Luella Peck Wadsworth, '93.

Miss Lalla Ruth Carr, '95, and Miss Honora Patton, '95, are touring through Egypt and the Holy Land.

Miss Caroline McCabe, '95, Miss Blanche Baber, '95, and Miss Nellie Hosea, '94, were guests at the school in April.

Miss Anna Hoeke, '93, is to be congratulated on her success as a teacher. Miss Hoeke is now Assistant Principal at Miss Hersey's school, Boston, Mass.

Miss Florence Grandin, '96, wintered in Washington.

Miss Edith Dingley, '90, whose beautiful voice has so often delighted us, sang a solo at the recent Commencement. Miss Dingley, who is still pursuing her study of vocal music, wintered in Washington.

Miss Anna Hasselman, '92, and Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, spent last summer in England, where they joined the famous sketching class of Mr. Lazar. Extracts from Miss Edwards' letters, abounding in bits of delightful descriptions and glimpses of "local color," appeared in *The Record* and were widely appreciated.

On July fifteenth Miss Grace Terrill, '96, sailed for Europe on the S. S. "Dresden," intending to spend a year abroad in the study of music and the languages.

Mrs Mary Rankin Goulder, '78, and Miss Cecyl White, '94, were welcome callers at the school during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Allan Laird (Nellie Hosea, '94) sailed on July seventh for Europe, where their honeymoon will be spent in traveling.

Mrs. Blanche Wilson Hampson, '96, visited Washington recently and was a welcome caller at the school.

Among the ushers who served at Commencement were Misses Mary K. Bradford, '88, Frances Thirlkeld, '96, Elise Dufour, '94, Eleanor K. Sowers, '96, Helen Hurst, '92, and Mrs. Blanche Wilson Hampson, '96.

Miss Florence DePauw, '89, and Miss Louise McWilliams, '89, spent a few days in the city during June.

Miss Anna Hoeke, '93, has returned to Boston from Ardsley-on-Hudson, where she was one of the bride's-maids at the Barber-Davis wedding. The bride, Miss Lorena Barber was formerly an M. V. S. girl; as was also the groom's sister, Miss Daisy Davis, who officiated as maid-of-honor.

Miss Scull, who for so many years has endeared herself to M. V. S. girls, is making her home at Smethport, Pa., and is devoting her time to literary work. Miss Carolyn Porte, '82, will spend the summer with her.

During June Miss Mary Jackson, '97, entertained a large house-party at her home in Bellefonte, Pa. Among the M V. S. girls present were Misses Molly Knapp, '97, and Grace Phillips, '97.

The Alumnæ members will be proud to learn that our dear Mrs. Somers was the first woman elected to the Board of Trustees of the American University, the new Methodist institution nearing completion in the suburbs of Washington. She will have associated with her in this work Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Simpson. Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Logan are also on the Executive Committee.

Miss Mary Isabel Potter, '85, has recently been made a Deaconess in the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church. New Haven papers mention the fact, and speak of the honor conferred, as Miss Potter is the first Deaconess to be created in the State of Connecticut.

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Back numbers of the *Annual* may be obtained for fifty cents, by applying to Miss Florence C. Miller, 1742 Oregon Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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Alumnæ members will please notify the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna S. King, 1315 Twelfth Street N. W., Washington, D. C., of any change of address, that the Alumnæ record may be kept complete.

MARRIED.

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October 7, 1896, Miss Izzie L. Herrick to Mr. Frederick Pope Wilson.

April 14, 1897, North Salem, N. Y., Miss Florence Alice Quick to Mr. Edward Brady, Jr. At home after June 1, at Golden's Bridge, N. Y.

November 11, 1896, Washington, D. C., Miss Emma Blanche Wilson to Mr. Joseph Henry Hampson.

June 3, 1897, Chicago, Ill., Miss Gertrude Mellen to Mr. Henry Thomson Fuller, Racine, Wis.

June 22, 1897, St. Joseph, Mo., Miss Jeannie Nelson Hosea to Mr. Edward Allan Laird.

DIED.

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August 5, 1896, in Lancaster, Wis., Mrs. Alice L. Edwards, sister of Mrs. Somers and mother of Miss Elsie Edwards.

October 9, 1896, in St. Joseph, Mo., Ex-Governor Silas J. Woodson, father of Mrs. Mary Woodson Hosea.

October 12, 1896, in Providence, R. I., Miss Lillian Lee Gardner, formerly a member of the Faculty of Mt. Vernon Seminary.

October 17, 1896, at Goshen, Ind., Mr. La Porte Heefner, father of Miss Bernice Heefner.

October 28, 1896, at his home Lynn, Mass., O. M. Dame, father of Miss Lydia M Dame, a former member of the Faculty of M. V. S.

December 12, 1896, Hon. J. J. Bingham, father of Miss Emily S. Bingham.

TENTH ANNUAL
· · · REPORT · · ·
OF THE
ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION
OF
MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCVIII

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

EDITORIAL.

The morning of May twenty-eighth was a bright and pleasant one and lent its charm to the delightful Alumnæ Reunion. About fifty maids and matrons met, with happy hearts and bright faces, to pay homage at the shine of their beloved Alma Mater and to extend a hearty welcome to the class of '98.

These eight young women were quite awe inspiring in all the dignity of *cap* and *gown* and their manner quite became the dignity of the mantle which they wore. They felt a reasonable pride in being the first class to introduce into M. V. S. this symbol of higher education. We feel that the prosperity and great advancement, which have, for the past twenty-two years, marked the high standard and noble purpose of the school, will always continue the same and ever be a living monument to its noble founder, our dear Mrs. Somers.

Perhaps we may be pardoned for a feeling of pride when we offer heart-felt congratulations to our four Alumnæ Sisters, who have so ably supported the Mt. Vernon Seminary faculty during the past year. In the brilliant instructor of History and Natural Science, we recognize, Miss Hattie Belle Walker the first one of our fold to return to our dear school to teach. Two years ago Miss Dora Elise Dufour became assistant teacher of Elocution and this spring the school, with deep regret, relinguished their hold on her when she left the Alumnæ teachers to become one of our most recent brides—*Mrs. Albert Thorpe Ryan*. Last year Miss Anne Seymour Ames came back to us to be

Librarian and also to deliver most instructive and helpful lectures on Bibliology. At the same time Miss Grace Wright became assistant in the Preparatory Department.

Our greeting to the RECORD should not be omitted and here, too, we find our noble Association worthily represented in the Editor-in-Chief, Miss Mary Knight Bradford.

With our inspiring motto "Vincit qui se vincit," ever bright in our minds we must do and dare and make ourselves worthy of the love and praise which our dear Principal is ever ready to bestow upon her "*dear* girls," and with the renewed courage and enthusiasm, with which each Reunion inspires us, work for our Alma Mater.

With the memory of delightful Reunions in the past and the hope of many to come, we say to the old girls, the new members of the Association, to Mrs. Hensley and Mrs. Somers our fond good-byes.

EDNA GREER LAKE, *Chairman.*
FLORENCE C. MILLER,
CAROLINE W. JANNEY.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

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MISS NORA MICHENER

Corresponding Secretary

MISS MARGARET BIRNEY

Treasurer

MISS ETHEL BOGAN

Editorial Committee

MISS EDNA GREER LAKE, *Chairman*
MISS FLORENCE MILLER
MISS CAROLINE W. JANNEY

REPORT OF THE
ANNUAL REUNION

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held Saturday, May 28, 1898, in the School Chapel.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Miss Marion Lilley, who most delightfully welcomed the class of '98 into the Association. Miss Susan Hurd Elmore, President of the new class, responded to the greetings in a very interesting manner.

After the roll was called the following program was rendered :

PROGRAM.

Piano Duet, . . . Misses BOGAN AND LAKE
Poem, ... Miss CORNELIA MORGAN
Vocal Solos, ... Miss BOWEN
Resolutions upon death of Mrs. Hannah Diver Burroughs.
Letter from Miss Elsie Edwards,
Read by Miss BRADFORD.

Mrs. Somers read a telegram from Miss Scull assuring us of the warm place we still held in her heart.

The Association then adjourned to the Reading Room below, where a most delightful "buffet" luncheon was served from a very dainty table, presided over by Misses Caroline Morgan and Hemphill. Our glasses being refilled, we drank heartily to the witty toasts which were proposed by the able toast mistress, Miss Grace Wright, and which brought forth some very bright responses from the different girls.

We had the honor of having with us at the luncheon this year Mrs. Mary Stewart Carey, the first boarding pupil who attended M. V. S.

Before adjournment Mrs. Somers, proposed that the '98 girls should give their class yell, and in a most able (?) manner, the eight new girls united their efforts in resounding—

"Rah !—Rah !—Rah !—Ninety-eight—Ninety-eight—
Rah !—Rah !—Rah !"

With renewed vows as "staunch defenders" of M. V. S., the Alumnæ Reunion of '98 was brought to a close.

L. BLANCHE POLKINHORN,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 30th, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in treasury, June 30th, 1897, . . .	$ 79.88
Received by K. M. Choate, for back dues, .	6.00
" " " " for dues for year 1898,	145.00
	$230.88

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid W. F. Roberts for printing Annuals, '97	$ 62.00
Paid W. F. Roberts for printing cards and envelopes, ...	1.75
Paid W. F. Roberts for printing invitations and envelopes, ...	7.95
Paid Miss Florence Miller (expressage and postage), ...	2.46
Paid Miss Nora Michener for luncheon, . .	3.25
Paid J. H. Magruder for luncheon, . . .	4.06
Paid Chas. Rauscher for luncheon, . . .	32.70
Paid Treasurer for stamps and stationery, .	9.52
Paid H. Davis for typewriting, ...	.63
Paid messengers, ...	.25
Paid Anna S. King, Corresponding Secretary,	7.81
	$132.38

Amount received, ...	$230.88	
Amount expended, ...	132.38	
Balance on hand June 30, 1898,		$ 98.50

Katherine M. Choate,
Treasurer.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

COMMENCEMENT Week this year was an exceedingly enjoyable one. The festivities beginning May 14th were as follows :

Saturday, May 14th.—Annual Barge Party.
Thursday, May 19th.—Musical Classes in Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Friday, May 20th.—" I. T. S." Installation and Banquet.
Saturday, May 21st.—" B. T. S." German.
Friday morning, May 27th—School Day Exercises.
Friday evening, May 27th.—Entertainment by the Classes in Physical Culture.
Saturday, May 28th.—Alumnæ Reunion
Monday, May 30th.—Class Night Exercises.
Tuesday, May 31st.—Commencement.

A large number of guests met in the Music Room at M. V. S. to enjoy the Class Night Exercises, which were most charming. The Class President, Miss Elmore, presided with dignity, seated amid the beautiful decorations of palms and potted plants, while a vase of orange poppies stood on the piano, burnt orange being the chosen color of the year.

The program was delightfully arranged, and the friends of the class enjoyed listening to the Class *Historian*, the *Prophet*, the *Mourner*, and *Poet*. These were interspersed with music and two essays were read. The evening was brought to a close by the singing of the Class Hymn, after which refreshments

were served and congratulations given and good-byes said.

But it was not until Tuesday evening at Luther Memorial Church that the Class of '98 were really graduated. These eight young women, in cap and gown, then presented a very imposing spectacle seated amid the lavish decorations of palms, ferns and the school flowers—yellow and white daisies.

The music was exquisitely rendered by a choir of forty female voices under the direction of Mr. Kaspar. Mrs. Kaspar was never heard to better advantage than in her interpretation of "The Dawn."

Rev. Frank M. Bristol, D. D., the pastor of Metropolitan M. E. Church, gave a most instructive and inspiring address to the graduating class. His subject was "The Benefits and Duties of Culture."

With a few well-chosen words Mrs. Somers presented the diplomas to the girls and the Class of '98 was formally graduated.

EDNA GREER LAKE.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '98

BY THE PRESIDENT,

MISS MARION DANE LILLEY.

YOUNG ladies of the class of '98. A year ago today, when the class of '97 was ushered into the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, my "illustrious predecessor in the Presidential chair" very feelingly referred to the honors that awaited her successor. I more than appreciate her emotion, for, as Thackeray once happily put it, I am beginning to wish that "the day will soon arrive when we shall have the speeches done at a side table by a skilled waiter, as we now have the carving." But when I think of the distinguished company, past and present, who, when speeches are suggested, divide with me an unworthy ambition to "Be still, be still, and ever more be still," I take much comfort in thinking that in such excessive modesty there is something akin to greatness.

Nevertheless it is with very real pleasure that I welcome the class of '98 into the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, and I am sure that in doing so I speak for every alumnus. Though it does add a year to our respective ages, experience, you know, comes with years, and having reached the mature age of seven myself, may I not venture on a little good advice to this young guest of ours? It seems but a little thing, and yet it means so much to the Association as a whole. Now that you have reached the goal of your desires in attaining your well-earned diplomas, do not think that you are through with M. V. S., but remember that

each of you owes a duty to that school which has done so much for you—strive as the years go by to keep in touch with it still. Come to the Alumnæ meetings and put new life in them; fill the offices, if not gracefully at least graciously, and you will gain the heartfelt gratitude of all the old girls, who surely need a well-earned rest, and that means as much to us now as when we were school girls. Mrs. Somers approved of the class of '91. I think I am the sole representative, so I can hardly point to it as a model child, but if the class of '98 will follow closely in the footsteps of its immediate predecessors nothing more can be asked, except perhaps, a little more veneration for the President. Remember that age, even garrulous old age, should be respected, and it is only because of various insinuations that brevity from the chair would be considered the very essence of wit, that I make my final courtesy to the class of '98. May it bear its part nobly, do its work bravely, remembering that great results come from earnest, individual effort. In this time of war let us also have a call to arms. In our smaller sphere let us, too, live up to the axiom, true now as it was a hundred years ago. The truth, our country is once more showing the world, "In Union is their strength."

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '98

BY THE CLASS PRESIDENT, SUE HURD ELMORE.

Miss President and Members
of the Alumnæ Association:

As the last note and sound of the exercises, held yesterday, died away I could not help but feel that a great iron gate had closed on the past of the class of '98 and that we as its members stand before another gate which when it opens to us on next Tuesday night will let us out into a cold and harsh world. Behind the closed gate we leave teachers and many girl friends of whom we have grown very fond, and although the most of us will say that we are glad our work is over, still we know that the parting, which must come, will be very sad, and for a short time our daily life will seem incomplete, there will be something lacking—our school life.

On Tuesday next we will separate and be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but before we leave this home, in which we have been members of one large family, some of us for three years, some for two, and others for but one year, and when next year our places will be filled by others, we are going to make one more venture and step into a new circle, the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, into which we have just been so kindly and cordially welcomed by your president, and where each one will always have her place to fill. We all respond most heartily to these warm words of greeting.

We *know* we are small in number but we *mean* to be great in character.

Despite the fact of timidity through extreme youth, as the youngest among the classes of M. V. S., still we are confident that the class of '98 will always be remembered as bringing into the association the historic cap and gown. These are just another exponent of the fact that the progress of the M. V. S. has been constant, since our class, in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century brings something into the next century, that stands as a representation of the broadest and best education.

We have but two of our number in the city, so we must trust them to represent us at all business meetings, and we feel confident that they will do their share of the burden bearing.

I wish to say that I hope to be present at commencement next spring, and I want to urge the members of my class to come to the annual reunion as often as they can, and in this way keep alive the class and school feeling.

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In Memoriam.

A SENSE of deep personal loss and bereavement will come to the readers of the ANNUAL as they learn that on Saturday, April sixteenth, the earthly life of our dear Miss Bingham was ended.

For a year and a half Miss Bingham had been a great sufferer. Those who loved her best, repeatedly urged her to give up her school duties and take the rest she so greatly needed. But she so loved her work, and so scorned the idea of being conquered by any physical malady, that she heroically went on working, refusing to admit that her illness was anything more than a temporary ailment not worth considering, even after all in our household saw that her strength was rapidly failing, and her powers of endurance had reached their limit.

About the middle of March she consented to take "a week's rest," as she said, and went hopefully away to Atlantic City. The week lengthened into two, but she steadily lost ground all the time. At last she realized that she must give up her work, and it seemed that in relinquishing it she willingly gave up all her struggle and let herself lie like a tired, trusting child in her Heavenly Father's hand.

Two weeks ago she came back to the city to the home of her sister, Mrs. Dean. She rapidly grew weaker and weaker, suffering greatly at times, until last Saturday morning the end came suddenly, but sweetly and peacefully, and she "fell on sleep."

While we mourn for the friend who has been taken from us, we count ourselves happy in that we have had

such an example of hopeful courage and heroic endurance as her life has been to all of us, and we feel that if she could speak to us to-day, the brave, bright spirit would find utterance in some such strong, certain words as these :

"Sweet friends! what the women have,
For its last bed in the grave
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

"Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the one whom ye call 'dead,'
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By any light which shines for you;
But in light you cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

* * * * *

Know ye our God's law is love,
Viewed from out His throne above,
Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!"

(From Sir Edwin Arnold's "Pearls of the Faith.")

WASHINGTON, D. C.
January 17th, 1898.

AT a meeting of the MT. VERNON SEMINARY ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION, held Saturday, January 8th, 1898, a committee was appointed to adopt resolutions of condolence on the death of Mary G. (Diver) Burroughs, class 1890.

Whereas, it has pleased our heavenly Father to call from earthly scenes our beloved friend and classmate, Mary G. (Diver) Burroughs; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Alumnæ of Mt. Vernon Seminary, that, in her death, we have lost a valued member—one who was ever active in promoting its best interests—and that we shall ever cherish the memory of her cheerful disposition and manners, not only in her school life, but in the more arduous labors of wife and helpmeet. *Further*, be it

Resolved, That we commend, to the emulation of all our friends, the Christian patience and forbearance which characterized the closing years of her life. Though constantly racked with pain, she had a kind word and smile for every one.

Resolved, That to the bereaved husband and grief-stricken parents we extend our heartfelt sympathy, safe in the assurance that Almighty God knows what is best for all.

Respectfully submitted,

EDNA H. TUNE,
NAOMI NAYLOR HUNTT,
Committee.

"THE LATIN QUARTER."

"Your face is already familiar in 'The Quarter'" is the glib phrase with which an old inhabitant frequently follows an introduction to a new-comer in that part of Paris known as the "*Quartier Latin.*" And a new-comer who has not remained long enough for the "faces of the Quarter" to become familiar to *her*, inwardly resolves to thereafter wear a veil. This is because the faces of the Quarter are many of them strange and unprepossessing in the eyes of a young woman fresh from a land of ordinary countenances and conventional attire. The denizens of this part of the city are very different from the gay crowds on the grand boulevards of the more brilliant Paris on the other side of the Seine. In the Quarter one must say farewell to the daintily-gowned Parisienne with too perfect complexion and over-golden hair, and also to the boulevard exquisite with painfully square shoulders and waxed moustaches, and clad in the latest style, from silk hat to white gaiters. Here comes the Sorbonne students, never less than three together, any number of badges and gay ribbons floating from their coat lapels, and their great soft velvet caps tipped so much aslant that it is a wonder how they ever keep them on. There are the gay young Freshmen of the University of Paris, who, in lieu of hazing or athletic pastimes, give their attention out of study hours to Zola or Dreyfus, or any other state affair that happens to be interesting Paris, and so get up a little excitement and give the gendarmes occupation. Even more curious of aspect than the Sorbonne students are the students of art, among whom the favorite type is a gentleman in faded corduroys with a long dark cloak flung about him, Romeo-fashion, and a slouch hat shading his face, so that

nothing is visible save a ragged beard and mustache. The hair of this individual is either long and lank or fiercely bushy, and from his general romantic appearance it is difficult to realize that he is young Jones or Smith just over from America last year, it being hard to distinguish him from one of the crowds of models in fantastic array that one meets with every where.

As to the girl art-student, it is fortunately only occasionally that she attires herself as she would call it, "picturesquely." Once in a while you run across a lady in a distinctly Parisian costume and are astonished to recognize an American countenance peering forth from a wild confusion of curls and frizzes under a forward-tilted hat. Or again you meet an unattractive figure clad in a short scant skirt and coat of manly pattern, a walking hat set firmly on her close-clipped locks, and you realize in spite of yourself that she is your countrywoman. There is no possible chance of her being French or German, and the merest ghost of a one that she may be Russian, but this vanishes when you hear her speak; that she isn't English you know because her hair is not arranged in a knot known as a "bun" that projects aggressively from every English girl's head, and together with her curious hat perched atop of it, her linen collar and short skirt, publishes her nationality. But, as a rule, the American girl in the Latin Quarter, though she may look a little forlorn or out at elbows, compares favorably with the young women of other nationalities that fill the Parisian studios.

In a little *out*-of-the-way street not far outside the boards of the Latin Quarter proper is the "American Girls' Club" whose reading-room and parlors were opened several years ago by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and form a pleasant feature of student-life in Paris. The entrance to this institution is anything but imposing, or even attractive. Indeed to American eyes it is like nothing so much as a large barn-door, but once inside you find yourself in a stone-paved court with a bed of

flowers in the center, and beyond, an old garden gate and some fine trees and lilac bushes. On three sides of the court rise the yellow walls of an old and picturesque building, and a long piazza, its supporting pillars covered with vines, runs across the central portion of the house connecting the side wings. Supposing it is in the spring when you enter, the lilacs and some of the trees are in full bloom and from the open windows of the house come the cheerful sounds of piano and violin practice. At these sounds you, who are of course an M. V. S. graduate, begin to think that from Mount Vernon Seminary to the Girls' Clubs is not such a far cry after all; but the illusion vanishes when you catch a glimpse at some window of a figure covered with a painting apron and with palette and brushes in hand, or perhaps you hear a voice from somewhere calling shrilly for Marie, and from the kitchen an unmistakably foreign domestique appears and she and the voice carry on a voluble conversation in French. Inside the building you are lost in dark crooked passages, the floor sometimes of wood, sometimes of tiles, and of varying levels, is most difficult for the feet of a stranger. You begin to wonder how this place could ever have suggested M. V. S., when a door admits you into a sunny room which in spite of its old furniture and foreign air brings back the same impression. An M. V. S. banner certainly drapes a corner in company with an American flag, and in the photographs about the walls in school-girl fashion, you can find the likeness of Mrs. Somers and any number of "her girls." Indeed two of those girls would arise from the midsts of easels and paints and brushes to welcome the Alumnæ Association most gladly if they had really appeared on the scene instead of the scene having been presented before them. They would have taken you downstairs at five o'clock to the tea-room where from a big table spread with cups and saucers and steaming samovar, tea is served daily to an unlimited number of girls who come in from their

study or practice or lecture-room with quite the same zest for their tea that M. V. S. girls have for their abendbrodt.

Only a small number of the students one sees here or in the Club library have rooms at the Club. Some board with French families, others are with their parents in apartments and a still greater number in bands of two or three are keeping house for themselves in their own studio apartments. These latter establishments are very popular and consist usually of the large *atelier* with one or two smaller rooms opening out of it and a kitchen so tiny it might be part of a playhouse. Some of these studios are lofty enough to have a gallery at one end, and this when curtained off with rugs and draperies makes a snug little room, besides adding to the picturesqueness of the studio. Many articles have been written lately in home papers about the forlorn and pitiful condition of a great many of the American girl students in Paris, but certainly the great majority one meets seem to be in a flourishing state, apparently quite comfortable as to food and fuel and in cheerful spirits. It is surprising the number of Americans one finds in Paris studying every subject one can think of from geology to millinery. One is tempted sometimes to doubt if we have any home facilities for education at all, or if the French people think we have. Art, of course, has far the largest number of followers, for art-work in Paris certainly has advantages no other city can offer. The art student is in the midst, not only of a great many fellow-students, but of well-known artists and the greatest art enthusiasm. In the various exhibitions always open in the different parts of Paris one becomes familiar with the best work in every line from Puvis de Chevannes to the facinating poster artists. Then a certain stimulation comes from seeing the artists themselves. One can pass daily under Bougereau's windows, or run across Whistler, arguing, like a man of common clay, with a cabman, and visits to the studios

of great artists are events that happen not infrequently.

The studios where the art students do their work would perhaps be put to shame by some of our own perfectly equipped ones at home. But there is a certain charm about much-mended window-lights and time-tinted walls; steam radiators may do very well, but a huge stove, with yards of rusty pipe festooned about the room, is more picturesque, and of what avail is a nicely appointed lavatory when you can wash your paint brushes in a sink ten inches square with running water from a tank the size of a bonnet box? Then your studio is one of ten or twenty in the same building and of hundreds in the same neighborhood, and there is a fellowship in work that can be felt and is encouraging. Half the people you meet in the streets carry canvases or paint-boxes and the other half seem to be models. Paris itself is inspiring to an art student. Who could look down a New York or Washington street and see at one glance a priest with long black gown and cape, a "little sister of the poor" in gray habit and white, wide, flapping headdress, a laborer in a blue blouse and baggy trousers, his hat brim wide enough to serve as an umbrella, a cart one blaze of yellow and scarlet flowers, and a little girl in her dress for the first communion, all in white from her head, with its long veil and wreath of flowers, down to her slippered feet? Parisians seem to take you right into the midst of their private affairs. Wedding parties do not steal off in the night watches but go boldly to the church at blazing noon, and, after the service, to the Bois-de-Boulogne or some other such retreat, the bride in white satin, veil, orange blossoms and all, the groom in dress suit and white bouquet. You can follow and gaze to your heart's content; nobody wants to escape your notice. If you go walking through a park and get mixed up with a crowd of children they expect you to remain and join the game; if you stop to pet Madame's poodle, the

lady is delighted and begins at once the recital of his personal history; if you blunder on a little soldier in a big uniform of red trousers, blue coat and top-heavy cap, and find that he is having a most devoted interview with a young lady, it isn't necessary for you to take another path or look the other way as you pass. You are in everybody's confidence. Even the small boy with short stockings, bare knees and long-belted black apron greets you knowingly with "Oh, yes," or "I spik Eenglish." Another marked feature of this part of Paris is the gayety of its citizens. They always seem cheerful, and boys and sometimes men go along the streets singing at the top of their lungs, making sweet music along with the hand organs and ear-piercing street cries, to say nothing of the trains which blow blaring little horns instead of ringing bells, and the bicycles, whose bells sound for all the world like those the cows wear in America's green pastures.

All the sights here recounted go to make up an ensemble that makes the Latin Quarter a most attractive spot to those who dwell there for a time. They are willing occasionally to visit the other Paris of the grand boulevards and handsome shops, but are always content to get back again. If the next member of the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION who visits Paris would forsake dressmakers and shopping long enough to turn her footsteps in its direction, she may easily see for herself the charm of the Latin Quarter. If she has ventured as far as the Bon Marché it is only a little further, if she goes sight seeing in the Pantheon or quaint old Cluny Museum she is already in its heart, and needs only to follow for a few blocks along the boulevard of Saint Michel, take a turn through a corner of the Luxembourg gardens and across a quiet street or two to find herself at the portals of the Club in the rue de Chevreuse, and inside will find refreshment in a cup of tea and the society of those who can tell and show her far more of the pleasures of life in the Latin Quarter.

ALICE E. EDWARDS, '93.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

TOASTMISTRESS,
GRACE DUNCAN WRIGHT.

I.

I come before you, sorely tempting fate
A very green Alumnæ laureate.
In vain I've sought the aid of many a muse,
To help me out—they none of them would choose.

II.

And so you see me here with you today
Without a clever, witty thing to say,
To do the best I can is yet my boast
And give you something good with every toast.

III.

At first I thought what fun 'twill surely be
As Mistress of the Toasts myself to see.
Alas of work I found a goodly sum,
And yet faint heart the worst was yet to come.

IV.

Of clever ones there were full many a score
To choose from these just six, and then no more.
Alas it proved a task that none would choose
For nearly all one asks will sure refuse.

V.

Of stamps and paper one must use a lot,
Not counting all the grey matter one's got.
From deep depression coming from a "*no*"
To boundldss joy from "*yes*," you're sure to go.

VI.

And some prefer that you should dig and hoe
To find for them some poem that's apropos.
So into many a book you'll take a dive,
Until it seems you'll ne'er come up alive.

VII.

And so you see my friends that life's no joke
Unless for some such place you're un-bespoke.
Then be quite kind to her who is this year,
I'm sure her fears and anguish are quite clear.

VIII.

Now don't you think at once we'd best commence,
'Tis hard to keep you all in such suspense.
My victim number one herself's a host—
"Our news mongers" are what we first will toast.

Our News Mongers - - - MISS BRADFORD

"Who left scarcely any style of writing *untouched*."

Of the making of *Records* there is no end! And it looks so easy! Will you walk into the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Devil's Den, whichever you please to call it, while the hollow-eyed editor with tumbled hair and collar awry, unburdens her heart to you?—for a woman must talk or else—cry—or something. Be seated in *the chair*, an upturned waste basket will do for another, and we will begin. In the first place we are all new, so new at the business, and green enough to suppose that the machinery runs itself with a push now and then in the way of a poem or bright saying, cut from an old paper or book—believing with Tallyrand that "there is nothing new except what is forgotten." After a talk with the printer, who kindly explains the meaning of space, copy, etc., we begin to collect material full of enthusiasm for this, our first edition! Strange, now that we are on the watch for them, how often we come across bits that will do for

"The Record," but we must have original matter, stories, rhymes, etc., from the girls, for it is their paper, not ours.

After much persuasion a few come forward timidly and drop a bit of folded manuscript in a stout tin box, standing prominently in the Study Hall—and we are greatly encouraged by even these helps for we are hopeful. Then comes the evening when the box is to be opened, and sitting around a table in solemn conclave are the Editorial Staff, looking as pleased as those ignorant of the future can look.

We are glad of the spirit which prompted any one towards that box, but not even a Dead Letter expert could decipher some of the writing tucked therein.

We are reminded of the saying—

> "You write with ease to show your breeding,
> But easy writing 's curst hard reading."

We gather what we can from the mass, and then comes the task of putting together in readable form this collection of waifs and strays; which no doubt is the reason for branding the editor with the inscription —"she left scarcely any style of writing untouched."

Now we turn to the "ads," as the printer calls them, for these are what pay for the printing, and so form a very necessary part of Record making. But advertisements are easy enough to obtain, for do we not trade at all these places, and our little sheet is so well gotten up that every one will take one space—perhaps two—another delusion!

We forget that there are other papers in town, and that the merchants are besieged by requests from other patrons. They look bored and are not half as interested as usual—now that *we* turn buyer, and many are the falls pride has, before the work is over.

Some merchants do not advertise "because they have all they can possibly do at present and cannot increase their trade"—truly the good times have already come to them, probably they are working on Government war contracts!

Others look at us with a stony stare, and contemptously exclaim, "we don't call this advertising."

"Call again," is the reply of busy tradesmen, and we return home weary and discouraged,—Record broken!

But the "copy" finally arrives and such strange-looking stuff as it appears to our untutored eyes, printed on long strips, so that we have no idea whether the poem entitled "Autumn" will follow the editorial over which we struggled so many weary hours, or will come out between the advertisement for poultry and game and that of Kodac supplies.

Then we have to laugh as we see baby printed "bady," and a question mark after a most solemn truth!

But finally it comes, this first product of our efforts and we turn the fresh pages in breathless eagerness to see if everything is right.

Much to our discouragement we found in that first edition our motto reading—"He conquors if he conquors," instead of the familiar words, "He conquors who conquors himself," but they are both true after all—only it remains to be seen if he does conquor.

Our paper could not have been run with anything like success without the hearty co-operation of the very efficient corps of assistants, who have the past year made the editorial duty a pleasant one, and smoothed the way by their sweet confidence and enthusiasm.

Again I rise to give another text,
What think you now had better be the next?
It seems to me we ought to toast the one
Once high in office—now whose work is done.

Our Presidents when Ex. then let it be
And one who is twice Ex. will speak for me.
I'm sure as doubly fitted for the place
She'll speak her piece with fluency and grace.

Our Ex-Presidents - ADALYN SMITH HOLDEN.

"There thou might'st behold the great image of authority."

Miss President, Miss Chairman, Ladies:

It used to be "Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!" hence it is quite a shock to the dry bones in the valley to be roused by this modern Ezekiel to repond to a toast to the ex-presidents with a worthy president of to-day before us. If she is to be numbered among the "ex's" inasmuch as a new president has already been elected, the question arises, When, then is a president a president? It would be like trying to catch up with to-morrow—when to-day gets there it's yesterday!

But I digress. We—the "we" of royalty, ladies—appear to be the latest of the extinct potentates, and as such, doubtless the least difficult to reanimate, as we judge from the eleventh hour of our invitation to respond that efforts were made previously to resuscitate each of the others in turn. Be that as it may, we graciously undertake to express the gratitude of the ex's for being thus exhumed for the purpose of cremation—toasting. We may thus shed a beautiful posthumous lustre and, like other blessings, brighten as we take our flight.

It was really a happy thought of our toastmistress—it will be an additional incentive to the office, if after one's warfare is accomplished she may hope to attend the funeral and hear all the nice things said about her and read the obituary verses. We trust, by the way, that no irony may lurk in the brave quotation just given by Miss Wright: "There thou might'st behold the great image of authority;" we think the next line reads, "a dog's obeyed in office." At all events, thy servant is not a dog, as we never were obeyed—but we didn't mean to mention that—we are to-day only to remember the sugar coating of our proud elevation to the presidency of this great organization, not the taste of the quinine which became ap-

parent about the time that we presided at our first business meeting, and though we found the regal head to toss upon the regal pillow during the evolution of the Reunion program, we do but recall the glory of the dress occasion and the superiority of the special class, which it was our duty to welcome.

Thanking the Alumnæ again for these post mortem honors, we pray that our ashes may be carefully preserved that we may arise Phœnix-like on some other festive occasion—we rather like it—and viewing our ex-reign through so cheerful a lens, with no application of the x-rays, if you please, we bid you

> Do but think
> How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown !
> Within whose circuit is Elysium
> And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Long live the ex-presidents.

But hark what sounds are these I seem to hear
Can these be wedding bells that smite the ear?
In truth they ring for joy for dear Elise
From whom a word to us would surely please.

For though of course her mind on husbands runs
He being one of Uncle Sam's true sons.
Yet in the midst of all this joy and bliss
She promised me a toast to give to this.

Alas that I should have to say to you—
The second line of this short poem is true.
Since honey moons and husbands both combined
For business have made her disinclined.

A moral let us draw from this sad tale
The truth of which I know we'll all bewail
When damsels first take on the wedded state,
To trust in them is wrong—as sure as fate.

"Our Brides," - MRS. ELISE DUFOUR RYAN

"Love is a giddiness
And a dizziness
And a disinclination to business."

This toast was not forthcoming, but as Mrs. Ryan is a bride of less than a month, we excused her "disinclination to business."

This telegram was received:

Salt Lake, Utah, May 28, 1898.

Miss Grace Wright,
1345 Vermont Avenue N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Impossible to respond to toast; beg forgiveness for me. *E. D. Ryan.*

Now turning from this thought of downfall dire
We'll look into a place whose deeds are higher—
A place I know we all love very well
In fact the name I hardly need to tell.

So I am sure you'll all agree with me
Our next good toast to M. V. S. should be.
I'll give it too, to her whose "Ames" are high
Trusting this pun and praise won't make her shy—

M. V. S. - - - - - - - - - - - MISS AMES

Myself when young, did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but ever more
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Miss President and Members
of the Alumnæ Association:

It is with great timidity that I attempt to toast the awful dignity of M. V S. to-day, when the youngest of our Alumnæ comes before us in collegiate cap and gown. Perhaps by another year we may reach the high pressure of Boston where even the baked beans (so they say) have to take a little course of *B*rowning before being fit for intellectual palates.

To all of us M. V. S. is a tried, trusty friend; to some of us she is a dear *old* friend as well. We can remember those long ago days when we used to come to school with bright green *Labbertons* in our book straps; not the modern one volumed *Labberton*, mind you, but the three unabridged, uncompromising text books with their long tables of dates, sobered at the very start by 2500 *The Pyramids*, and with their folded charts of genealogies. Those three ponderous volumes, however, were by no means all of history in those first days, for the one who guided us through their intricacies, who made past and present alike real, who could convert by some subtle charm a valley of dry bones into a rose blooming garden, was none other than our dear Mrs. Somers. When Mr. T. B. Aldrich wrote:

> "My mind lets go a thousand things,
> Like dates of wars and deaths of kings"—

he hadn't studied history with Mrs. Somers, that is quite evident.

M. V. S. had only one building then, one dining room and one table, but we had our one Mrs. Somers all the time, and perhaps, if some of the old girls rejoice without envy over all the growth and prosperity that has come with enlarged phylacteries, the reason may be found pretty near their hearts. That one table meant Bible verses, and oh the thread-bare beatitudes, oh the astonishing revisions like: "Cast thy bread upon the Lord," a happy compromise between "Cast thy bread upon the waters" and "Cast thy burden on the Lord," oh the agony to giggling school girls inflicted by an elderly guest, one bright spring morning, when she recited piously: "Now is the time of the singing of *buirrds* and the voice of the *tuirrtle* is heard in the land."

Now we have many buildings, now M. V. S has elevators and electric bells, these beautiful surroundings and everything that heart could wish. Best of all, this Alumnæ Association is being represented North, East, South and West, as well as in other

lands, by splendid women, trained here to play bravely and honestly their part; "new women," if you please, with that only form of newness worth the name—a broader education.

But in all this growth, one common bond has held early and late together, and that bond has been the spirit of M. V. S. that consistently from the start has made her stand for "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report." What other school or college in the country has, to-day, an order standing for honest purpose, noble living and high ideals?

> "Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about: but evermore
> Came out by the same door wherein I went."

The "doctors" that fill our chairs are multiplying, the number of our "saints" is steadily increasing—(there must be fifty of us here to-day)—but the "door" through which we entered first into broader education, and from which we have all passed better women for having been within its portal, is the same door that swings to-day bearing the honored name of M. V. S.

As in the time of Louis XIV, the expression arose "the state it is I" in regard to that proud monarch, so in a nobler signification what makes the spirit of Mount Vernon Seminary so different from that of other schools, if it is not that M. V. S. has been our dear Mrs. Somers, and that that same Mrs. Somers has stood to each one of us, as the door into truer, finer womanhood.

> So here's to M. V. S.
> She has been *always* right,
> Both right and strong, M. V. S.

And who are these that now come toddling in?
The youngest of us all—I'll bet a pin.
At last each is in truth a graduate
Behold the glorious class of '98.

We surely ought to wish them many good things
Just loosened as they are from teacher's strings.
Young ladies on the threshold looking out
With joy and fear combined I have no doubt.

So let us toast these youngest of us all
Who've left their books behind in learning's hall.
And wish them all God speed with might and main
While blessings on their heads we'll also rain.

The Alumnæ Baby—The Class of '98.

MISS DETERDING.

"Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time."

Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

We are very happy to be addressed as the "Alumnæ Baby," for you thus assure us of your indulgence, and I shall try to remember that "children should be seen and not heard" too much.

We have felt very learned in the presence of Juniors and Sophmores, but we feel our knowledge pale before your wisdom and experience. We are very happy to-day to add our link to your chain of gold with the hope that when another link has been moulded by the dear hands that have helped to mould and shape ours, that they and you will not forget the link which we so proudly add to-day; and which, though it be small, should not be despised, since the chain would be incomplete without it. And while we all admit we're young, yet maybe you'll drink a toast to the Alumnæ Baby.

Of toasts I'm sure you've nearly had your fill
And though the lunch committee keeps quite still.
I fear the stock of drink is getting low
And toasts without some lemonade are slow.

For climax let us toast that suffering three
For wan and thin and pale they've grown to be.
I know that I should fear their ends were near
But that some past committee girls are here.

A toast then to our gallant maidens three
Because of them from hunger we are free,
A good repast they've given us to-day
A toast—a toast to each of them I say.

The Luncheon Committee - - MISS WALKER

"All human history attests—
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner
Since Eve ate apples—much depends on dinner."—*Byron.*

Balzac says in Louis Lambert: "Unity has been the point of departure from everything produced. The Universe is Variety in Unity.

Two is the number of generation. *Three* is the number of existence which includes generation and its product. *Three* is the formula of created worlds. *Three* is a great spiritual number"—and so Egyptians and Chaldæans have their Triads; the Greeks, their Graces, Furies, Fates. *We* have our Luncheon Committee—a Triad, gracious always, fateful often, furious never.

The annals of this Committee are not altogether uneventful. They have made history in their time. In the earlier days, their position was no sinecure. The dues material were kept apart from dues intellectual and a campaign sharp, decisive and not lacking in diplomacy, was needed to insure financial success. The various alumnæ furnished the cakes and the committee soon learned that, as in church subscription-lists and summer gowns, allowance must be made for shrinkage. For the ices, we were indebted again and again, to that friend who ever helps us in our hour of need.

Then too, the luckless three themselves did the serving, and after trotting back and forth until upon each face, shown that satisfaction which religion can

neither give nor take away, it was no fun to divide three croquettes and nineteen peas among the spiritual number. That civil strife did not ensue over that odd pea says more for M. V. S. training, than any other tribute laid at her shrine to-day.

It is not a pleasant experience to find that the "Decaturer" has misunderstood your orders. Ices and cakes only have arrived. To send out messengers to east, to west, to north, to south, in search of substantials while the last number on the progam is being rendered, and then to greet your guests with radiant faces shows stuff of which martyrs are made.

These heroes of an earlier time were unsung, untoasted, but when they glanced about the well-filled rooms and remembered the various business meetings of the winter with their scant attendance, they were conscious of an ample though silent homage.

The breaking of bread with one's friends has ever emblemized good fellowship and fraternity. We love our Luncheon Committee; but conscious of our beautiful surroundings and the fact that there is more than bread to break, we say with Keats:

> "Love in a hut with water and a crust,
> Is Love forgive us—cinders, ashes, dust."

Long may the Alumnæ Association flourish, and ever during her benign existence may she have, as to-day, an efficient and hardworking Luncheon Committee who can point with pride to her prosperity and say: "We had a hand in that."

And now kind friends the end, at last behold
My faults in rhyme and style are manifold.
But for your kind forgiveness I do pray,
And pardon too, this twenty-eighth of May.

I wish to one and all a kind adieu
And trust this lot may fall to some of you.
I trust you every one, with spirit gay
And with a bow retire from out the fray.

PERSONALS.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillie May Bowen to Mr. Charles W. Fairfax of Washington.

Mrs. H. L. Hodgkins, of 1830 T street, has been giving a most charming series of At Homes on the Saturdays in February.

On the evening of the twenty-first of February Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. True entertained a large number of friends at their home, 1322 Yale street, from 4 to 6 and 8 to 11 o'clock. Mrs. True was assisted by several former M. V. S. pupils and Mrs. H. L. Hodgkins presided at the tea table. During the hours of the reception the house was filled with prominent representatives of the various scientific circles of Washington.

On February fifth Mrs. Somers gave a luncheon in honor of three former M. V. S. girls, two of them Alumnæ members, Miss Florence De Pauw, of '89, and Miss Beulah Hubbell, '93.

Miss Cecyl White, '94, with a friend has taken a fine quarter section of land near Graceland, Minn., a town site on the projected extension of the Brainerd and Northern Railroad. The land is valuable for pine and agriculture properties, and the young ladies plan to take immediate possession of their homesteads.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rosamond McDermott, '94, to Mr. Van Camp, of Indianapolis.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, father of Mrs. John Bruce McPherson (Cornelia

H. Wright, '91,) and Miss Grace D. Wright, '94, has been elected as a member of the Institute of France. He has also been elected an honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Science of Russia, the highest scientific distinction that can be awarded in that country.

On January the twenty-second Miss Anna S. King, '89, gave a delightful luncheon. Among the many M. V. S. girls present was Miss May Knight Bradford, '88.

Mrs. H. Newton Hempstead (Eleanor G. Brush, '91,) Miss Edith Dingley,'90; Miss M. Marsh Rees, '96, and Miss Molly Knapp, '97, called at M. V. S. during February.

Miss Molly Knapp, '87, visited Miss Marsh Rees, '96, at the latter's home in Pittsburg during the winter. Later Miss Knapp spent some time in Washington.

In November while on a hurried trip to Chicago, Mrs. Somers met the following Alumnæ members: Misses Jessie Lacey, '82; Edith Lacey, '84; Blanche Baber, '95, and Maugerite Otis, '95.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calvin Hall (Frances Clapp, '91,) spent the winter in Washington.

As Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88, was in the city, the opportunity was taken for a reunion of the class of '88, on November the twenty-sixth, at the home of Miss Bradford. The four married and the four unmarried girls chatted for an hour, comparing notes and visiting with each other and Miss Theodate Smith, for they have the distinction of being her first Psychology class. Later the husbands dropped in for a better acquaintance and a cup of chocolate and incidentally to see their wives safely home, then the little party broke up, promising each other to keep the ball rolling around at each house thereafter, beginning with Miss

Skillman, so that, though they are all busy women, they may not entirely loose touch with one another, but may keep fresh in their hearts the memory of their school days at M. V. S.

Miss Dame, whom so many of the girls remember as a former teacher at M. V. S., has charge of the Girls' High School in Brooklyn again this winter. In spite of the two thousand girls under her care, she takes an interest in all that concerns M. V. S.

Miss Nina Morgan,'81, spent the winter travelling in Hawaii with her father, Senator Morgan, of Alabama.

On Mrs. Somer's last birthday Mrs. John Carey (Mary Stuart,'77), the first boarding pupil who entered M. V. S., sent to the school as a gift from herself and her daughter, Martha, a pupil at M. V. S. during the past year, a noble plaster copy of the "Winged Victory of Samothrace," as beautifully symbolic of Mrs. Somers' successful years.

On December 28 Miss Grace Wright,'94, gave a most enjoyable Tea in honor of her sister, Mrs. John Bruce McPherson (Cornelia Wright, '91), who, with her husband, was at the home of her parents during the holidays.

A member of the Alumnæ Association has made an interesting collection of pictures of modern writers, taking them from illustrated book catalogues, the Book Buyer and the magazines, and is pasting them on cards cut in uniform size about 7x10 inches. It is really remarkable, even in this age of illustration, how many good prints she has found, and by writing their names on the cards with their picture and arranging them alphabetically she has a reference library that is most interesting as well as instructive.

Miss Mary Woodin Jackson, '97, spent the winter in Washington and was a frequent visitor at M. V. S.

Mary Isabell Potter, of the Class of '85, is connected with the Episcopal Deaconess work in New Haven, Conn., where she has under her care a large number of mission children.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry Hampson (Blanche Wilson, '96,) are on their way north from Mexico, expecting to visit Colorado before their return.

Misses Caroline Janney, '96, and Florence Miller, '96, were students at the Art Students' League during the winter.

Members of the class of '96 report that their encyclical letter is still on its rounds and is a source of great pleasure to all the class.

Miss Dora V. Hill will sail for Europe, where she expects to remain a year at least.

Miss Rachel Coffin, '88, and Miss Nannie Skillman, '88, both intensely interested kindergarten workers, have been attending Miss Blow's lectures in Baltimore.

Dr. and Mrs. Neil McPhatter (Bertha Hammond) are spending the summer in Scotland.

Miss Anna Ames, '81, left the first of July for Chautauqua, where she is to read a paper on her work at M. V. S. before the National Library Association, which meets there this year.

Miss Carolyn Porte, who has been teaching during the past winter in Lakeville, Conn., spent Easter week in Washington, and was a guest at M. V. S.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Dingley, '90, to Mr. John Cecil Hooe.

Miss Scull, who for so many years has endeared herself to M. V. S. girls, is making her home at Smethport, Pa., and is very well, "feeling," she says, "like a girl of sixteen."

The engagement of Miss Corinne Shellebarger to Mr. Parke, of New York, is announced.

Miss De Pauw spent the winter in Washington and was much at M. V. S. attending Mrs. Hensley's Art History Class and studying French with Mlle. Wilkie.

Miss Grace Terrill, '96, who has been spending the winter in Berlin is now in Paris, but expects to visit England before returning home, in time for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Gottfried (Hedwig Brand, '94) have returned from their trip abroad.

Miss Ella Thomas, '97, and Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, who, after a summer of travel on the Continent and in England, have been studying art in Paris this winter, expect to spend July in England.

Miss Edith Dingley will spend the summer at Squirrel Island.

Miss Edith Birney, '97, has been studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

MARRIED.

October 29, 1897, in Baltimore, Md., Miss Susie B. Plain, '91, to Mr. Charles Carroll Martin. At home, 1121 Twelfth street N.W.

November 15, 1897, in Chicago, Ill., Miss Laura Elizabeth Booge, '92, to Mr. Ensley M. Bent. At home, 21 Buena Park Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

August 7, 1897, at Oakland, Md., Frances Pearson Clapp, '91, to Mr. Robert Calvin Hall.

September 2, 1897, Miss Hedwig Brand, '94, to Mr. Carl M. Gottfried, of Chicago.

October 12, 1897, Miss Coryell Beebe Wilson, '91, to Mr. William Frederic Keller. At home Easton, Pa.

September 16, Miss Bertha E. Hammond, '92, to Dr. Neil MacPhatter.

September 8, Miss Cornelia Harndon Wright, '91, to Mr. John Bruce McPherson. At home in Gettysburg, Pa.

In Dresden, Miss Sarah Jewett Hyde to Mr. Leonard Jenkins.

April 29, Miss Dora Elise Dufour to Mr. Albert Thorpe Ryan. At home Blackfoot, Idaho.

DIED.

Jauuary 3, at his residence in this city, Dr. Edgar Janney, father of Caroline Janney, '96.

December 18, in Chicago, Ill., of typhoid fever, Mrs. Louise Wilson Bowers, wife of Hon. Lloyd W. Bowers, and a member of the Class of '85, M. V. S.

On January 29, Mr. George Eddy Kennedy, the father of Misses Anna M. Kennedy, '80, and Clara C. Kennedy, '90.

In Philadelphia, on December 29, Hon. John Patton, father of Honora Patton, '95.

December 29, at the home of her parents, Mary Diver Burroughs, wife of H. H. Burroughs, and a member of the class of '90, M. V. S.

March 27, in Indianapolis, Mrs. Brouse, mother of Miss Grace Brouse.

April 16, in Washington, Miss Emily S. Bingham, a member of the Faculty of Mount Vernon Seminary.

April 24, at Lakewood, N. J., Mrs. Patton, widow of the late Hon. John Patton, of Curwensville, Pa., and mother of Honora Patton.

BORN.

In Washington, the last week in March, a daughter, Beatrice, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. Clephane (Nellie Walker, '88).

At Lakeville, Conn., the twentieth of April, a son, Reginald Guyon, to Mr. and Mrs. Huber G. Buehler (Roberta Wolf, '90).

In November, at Evanston, Ill., to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kidder Gilbert (Anne Sargent, '92,) a son.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL
· · · REPORT · · ·

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCXCIX

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

EDITORIAL.

The advent of summer is a signal to the clans. From far and near they gather at dear old M. V. S., our beloved Alma Mater. We are bound together by ties of close friendship and are gathered here to keep those "friendships in repair"—to glory in the noble deeds of members whose absence is deeply regretted.

During the past year our little pin of gold and white has been carried into far countries and into many fields of labor. There are those among us who are doing ennobling work in bringing love and sunshine to the unfortunate.

We feel great pride in the increasing prosperity of our Alma Mater, and it is with joy that we welcome into our midst one of the largest classes yet graduated from M. V. S., the class of '99. Seventeen girls have passed from active school life into the sheltering fold of the Alumnæ Association. Having attained your well-earned diplomas, do not think that you are through with M. V. S., for remember that each one of you owes a duty to the school that has done so much for you. Let us urge the "old girls," as well as the "new girls," to meet with the Association whenever it is possible, and thus keep alive our feeling of hearty fellowship, prouder and happier as the years go by that "old" or "new" we are all M. V. S. girls.

The past year has been a very prosperous one for the Association. The Book Reviews and the weekly lectures on current events—where Alumnæ are always welcome—have done much toward bringing together, more frequently, the resident members. For these pleasant innovations we deeply appreciate the untiring, loyal work of our ex-president, Miss *Anne Seymour Ames*, who has "slain the dragon Dull-Content."

The sorrows crowd fast upon the pleasures, for we must mourn the loss of our school paper, the faithful RECORD. Is there not some one in our noble Association who can bring forth the Record, Phœnix-like, from its ashes?

Through all our sorrows and pleasures, there is one always ready to help and guide us:

> "Held fast to sweetness
> The seal of womanly completeness."

May we always have with us that beautiful example, our dear *Mrs. Somers.*

CAROLINE W. JANNEY, *Chairman.*
EDNA GREER LAKE,
HELEN SLATER.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION
OF
MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

◆

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REPORT OF THE ANNUAL REUNION

THE Annual Reunion of the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY was held May 27th, 1899. A new and delightful feature of this year's reunion was the selection of the Music Room for the business meeting.

The very charming address of the President, Miss Ames, was responded to, in a delightful way, by Miss Elizabeth Fletcher, President of the class of '99. Roll call showed that a very large number of members were present.

An unusually good program was given, which was as follows:

Piano Solo, . . . Miss ELIZABETH LUCAS, '99
Letter, . . . Mrs. VILLA WELCH MURRAY, '79
Story, ... Mrs. NELLIE VILA MOORE, '81
Read by Miss GRACE WRIGHT, '94.
Letter, . . . Mrs. GERTRUDE BURNETT BEACH, '82
Letter, . . . Mrs. MARION DEAN BARNHISEL, '84
Read by Mrs. LILLIE BOWEN FAIRFAX, '94.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss LOUISE DUVALL, '94
Talk, ... Miss ISABEL POTTER, '85
Letter, ... Mrs. ADDIE BURR CLARK, '88
Vocal Solo, ... Miss ANNA HOEKE, '93
Letter, ... Miss ADÉLE HANCOCK, '90
Letter, . . . Mrs. SARAH SHIELDS WARREN, '91
Read by Miss MAZIE BROWN, '94.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss LILIAN LAKE, '99
Letter, ... Miss SUE ELMORE, '98
Letter, ... Mrs. ÉLISE DUFOUR RYAN, '94
Read by Miss HATTIE BELLE WALKER, '81.

Through some delay in the mail, the interesting letter written by Miss Ella Grant Thomas, '97, did not arrive in time to be read at the Reunion. The Alumnæ was fortunate in having present Miss Isabel Potter, '85, who gave a delightful little talk on the the work of Episcopal Deaconesses.

The delicious luncheon the Refreshment Committee had furnished was thoroughly enjoyed, after which toasts were proposed by the toastmistress, the responses being unusually bright.

The class of '99 is one of the largest classes ever graduated at M. V. S. and was most heartily welcomed into the Association.

NORA MICHENER, '95,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 30th, 1899.

Receipts.

Balance in treasury, June 30th, 1898, . . .	$ 98.50
Received by E. H. Bogan for back dues, .	4.00
Received by E. H. Bogan for dues for year 1899,	158.00
	$260.50

Disbursements.

Paid W. F. Roberts for printing Annuals, for envelopes and stamps, ...	$ 66.31
Paid W. F. Roberts for business cards and Alumnæ invitations, ...	6.25
Paid W. F. Roberts for printing invitations and cards to Book Exhibits, ...	9.00
Paid Mrs. Hall for M. V. S. paper for invitations to Book Exhibit	2.00
Paid Edna G. Lake for stamps and stationery,	1.64
Paid E. H. Bogan, Treasurer, for stamps and stationery, ...	10.50
Paid Margaret Birney, Corresponding Secretary, ...	6.20
Paid Mme. Demonet & Son for luncheon, .	75.00
Paid Anne S. Ames for ménu cards and ribbon, ...	4.67
Paid Mary K. Bradford for lemonade, . .	2.36
Paid Mrs. True for laundry of lunch cloths and table centers, ...	2.00
Paid servants for washing dishes, ...	1.75
	$187.68

Amount received, ...	$260.50	
Amount expended, ...	187.68	
Balance on hand June 30, 1899, . .		$ 72.82

Ethel Herbert Bogan,
Treasurer.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF '99

BY THE PRESIDENT,
MISS ANNE SEYMOUR AMES

MEMBERS of the class of '99. It gives me more than the usual pleasure that falls to the Presidential chair, of receiving a new class into our Association, because with each one of you there are closer ties than those of office, and much of the personal feeling creeps in as I welcome you, in behalf of M. V. S., into that larger group of which we all are members.

Just as in the smaller unit of class life, each girl's record adds to or detracts from the general reputation, so that the standing of all is really affected by each, so in that same way, the graduates of any school or college form a body necessarily strengthened or weakened by the individuality and the possibilities of its incoming members.

In consequence our ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION must feel a personal and vital interest in each graduating class, and watch with no small anxiety its likelihood to improve or lower the general standing of the school. You, as our candidate for admission this year, are the largest class but one, and that one of equal size, that has ever entered our ranks, and so from even a numerical basis must make yourself felt either as an inspiration or a drag. Up to this time you have been simply receiving; now comes your first privilege of giving out or paying back some of the indebtedness of careful training.

Hamilton Mabie in a recent book uses the expression "integrity of type," meaning that sharp, clear quality of definite individuality. I am sure I am spokesman for our whole Association when I voice the hope that this large class of '99 may have so forceful an individuality that it will be a power always for loyalty, enthusiasm and work.

Your class closes the record of this last quarter century which has seen the beginning and the growth of M. V. S. You are bound to us, then, as we to you in a peculiar way, and in a sense you complete and round out the work of us all. Next year's class, in point of time, breaks new ground; you belong to us.

So, on the part of our Association, I most gladly and sincerely make you welcome to-day, assuring you again that we look to you to make a place for yourself among us; a class not known simply because it is seventeen strong, but because it is seventeen strong for helpfulness, for zeal, and for inspiration.

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF '99

By the Class President,
Miss ELIZABETH FLETCHER.

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

As I stand before you to-day in behalf of the class of '99 I recall a story. Some of you may already have heard it.

There was a clergyman who, his better half having shuffled off this mortal coil, mourned her loss in the following epitaph: "The light of my life has gone out." But the good man consoled himself, as good men will you know, and in the pride of his new possession he felt that the inscription was incomplete, so he added the epitaphic postscript, "But I have struck a new match." Our schooldays with their joys and their sorrows are past; "the light of our life has gone out;" but we stand before you striking a new match.

Even to the uninitiated there are many virtues to be learned from the Association, both from individuals and from the members as a whole. There is the lesson of unbounded enthusiasm to be learned from the avidity with which the Alumnæ run to "teas," and of hospitality, we have learned something from what we have heard of the bountiful board of this Association—but more of this anon! And then, the individuals! From those of your number who have been associated with us in daily life, as members of our faculty, we have learned the valuable

lesson of dignified silence,—we have learned what it is to have an opinion on every subject, without expressing it. So much for the light of our life which has gone out, but which, like all true lights, casts its lustre down the coming years.

With regard to "striking the new match," we do in our unformed way appreciate highly the honor that you and the loved Alma Mater confer upon us. We thank you for your gracious welcome.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

TOASTMISTRESS,
MRS. VILLA WELCH MURRAY.

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

I think it was William Dean Howells who said that a popular form of refreshment at one time in New England was apples and water, and he had attended festivities where the apples were omitted. But I'm sure no good thing has been omitted here to-day, and we have all proven our hearty appreciation of this part of the program. We come now to the place where, disturbed by no distracting element, we may permit ourselves the deepest enjoyment of the tie that makes us one in thought and in feeling. As most of you know, the talented member who was chosen to fill this honored place of toastmistress to-day was unavoidably deterred, and I was called in as an eleventh hour substitute—a sort of emergency measure. So I hope to enlist your broadest sympathy and most enthusiastic support.

This is the gathering of the clans, where mighty brains are teeming with fiery eloquence. The toasts I am about to propose are all links in the chain which binds us together. And to begin, may I introduce Miss Helen Slater, and ask her to respond to our first and foremost, most loved and most honored, M. V. S.

M. V. S. and Her Inspiration

Miss Helen Slater.

"My heart is as wax, moulded as she pleases,
But enduring as marble to retain."

A number of years ago, and still within memory, a little child with receptive faculties all awake to the picturesque and the beautiful, passed a vine shaded veranda, where a group of young girls, clad in dainty summer gowns, seemed to have settled with all the unstudied grace of wind tossed petals.

This attractive picture was immediately connected with the Legend of the Happy Princess, and was the mental stage-setting for every reproduction of the fanciful story in the busy brain of the child.

After reading, writing and arithmetic, and the other stern realities of mental training had been duly attended to, and out of the immaturity of girlhood a woman's nature was rising in the chrysalis, the "Court of the Happy Princess" became an every day feature in life, beyond the broad veranda a new field of great possibilities opened for the energies and ambitions.

The mere outward feature which had impressed itself upon the child was indicative of the inner atmosphere which pervaded an institution for learning, over which that stately Ida might have ruled with pride.

Here the eye beheld only pleasing objects, harmonious appointments, and the mind groping after knowledge was led by the best and most direct paths to the light, modern education reveals, without dwarfing the growth of the body.

But above all, and with all, the character grew in breadth and nobleness, with that nobleness which comes from fearing God.

There is so much to be said of this "Court of the Happy Princess," this M. V. S. in which we all hold an inheritance, that only a lengthy discourse suffices to tell of its merits, and I fear our toastmistress would be obliged to assert her authority if I attempted to say one half of what I feel is in not my heart alone, but

every other here to-day. The earnestness and zeal, the patience of our most efficient instructors furnish themes for more than a chapter. In fact, the influence of M. V. S. is spreading abroad, and without doubt, our chain scattered far and wide, will enable us to say that the sun never sets on our Gold and White; our golden grasp of the best things in this life, and the white, emblematic of the purity which we strive to make ours.

The secret of it all is the wonderfully gifted soul with its rare genius that directs us and guides us, drawing its wisdom from the Divine Love, which is our inspiration. Verily—

> "My heart is as wax, moulded as she pleases,
> But enduring as marble to retain."

I should like next to toast "The Social Side of M. V. S." And for this toast I can introduce one who tried the magnetic experiment of bringing us all together socially. We certainly found we were chemical affinities, and the happiest intercourse followed; so she can speak as one having authority.

The Social Side of M. V. S.

Mrs. Marie Wilkinson Hodgkins.

"No sooner met but they looked,
No sooner looked but they loved,
No sooner loved but they sighed,
No sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason,
No sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy."

"The social smile, the sympathetic tear."—*Gray.*

What advantages do social meetings offer? What good is accomplished by their being called into existence? Affirmative answers to these questions are not hard to find when this Association is taken into consideration. In the first place, the pleasure given and received by meeting in a social way those who have been through similar courses of study, taught by the

same beloved instructors, is reason enough for the existence of the social features.

Each day we add to the store of our knowledge. If the most of our time is given to seeing that little children are properly clothed, fed and trained; that a house is kept comfortably, pleasantly, and easily running: the knowledge gained is apt to be along lines intimately connected with work of this kind. But to those similarly employed, an exchange of ideas as to the most comfortable shape for a little dress, or the combination of materials that will make a pudding more delicious than any before known, or the way to acquire and keep good servants, will be of mutual help and advantage.

The social meeting affords an opportunity for the exchange of ideas which may enable those who have continued study to make still further advance; and those who have enjoyed the pastime called society may discuss a new figure for the German, or an original entertainment to attract the dollars of those charitably inclined.

My toast to the pleasant social meetings which were inaugurated the past winter is:—May we all be, as Lamb has so quaintly said, "a useful adjunct, if not an ornament, to society."

The Association owes especial thanks to the member of the class of '81 who gave us the first invitation. The homelike kindliness of the greeting given to each, as well as the simplicity of the entertainment, did much to make the social meeting scheme an assured success. The class of '88, an ex-officer, and the retiring officers have each extended their hospitality to the Association, and I have no doubt that next year other classes or individual members will continue the good work so happily begun.

We can't all be STARS *in the bright galaxy of men.*
And as fate gambols gaily along, dispensing
her gifts, some must remain obscure or shine

only by reflected light. But as we are a LARGE MINDED, GENEROUS *body, it is only fair and just that all should* AT TIMES *be represented here, and so I crave your indulgence when I introduce to you one so little known here, as my friend, Hattie Belle Walker, and let her try it on the "School Dog."*

The School Dog - MISS HATTIE BELLE WALKER

"We loved him for the dangers he had passed
And he loved us that we did pity them."

My first thought when I was asked to toast Gyp was, "Alas, how the mighty are fallen." Once it was Mrs. Somers, and now it is this dog of mongrel breed whose pedigree is no longer than his stump of a tail.

Then I thought of our Anglo-Saxon race, mighty *because* of its admixture of blood, and of Dr. John Brown and Rab, of Petrasche, the "Dog of Flanders." Finally, said I, "Gyp belongs to M. V. S., and whatever is good enough for M. V. S. is good enough for me."

Here at 1100 M we do not magnify the purely physical, so we will not discuss Gyp from an æsthetic point of view—indeed we could not conscientiously—but will confine ourselves to noting his many excellent qualities of mind and heart.

Gyp observes school regulations. While he uses the elevator, it is never for less than two flights of stairs, and his calling the attention of the attendant by a vigorous thumping of the aforesaid tail is dignity in the *extreme*.

His hair is always smooth, and in spite of pernicious examples he has yet to make his appearance in an unmitigated pompadour.

His ancestors unquestionably were steady drinkers. Under the benign influences of Mt. Vernon Seminary, however, this tendency has been corrected and turned

into the comparatively harmless form of coffee-toping—another triumph of environment over heredity.

As one might expect, Gyp has marked literary tastes; he loves the languages, preferring German, and has a real affection for Physics.

In compliment to the class of '99, I will say that Gyp illustrates the fifth type of will—for instance, a dog is approaching in the distance, Gyp notes, deliberates, ponders, weighs—when he is quite sure that the dog is *smaller* than he is—hesitation is over—he leaps to the fray.

It is to this reflective turn of mind that Gyp owes his singular deliverance from scars. "The dangers he has passed," to which our Toastmistress so touchingly refers, are the constant fears that some day he will be tackled by a dog of his own size before he has time to deliberate.

I have my own theory as to what induces him to fight at all. As he passes through the school building, I have seen him peer in this door and in that—then turn hopelessly away. I could almost hear him say, "Petticoats, Petticoats, Petticoats."

Formerly, at such times, he sought the society of the lately lamented Lady—"Requies*cat* in Pace," and, in a sharp encounter, relieved his overburdened soul. It is said that on one of these occasions Lady left him a rather interesting souvenir of the interview, as two of her white claws were found embedded in his black nose. Thus is the old conflict of the races waged anew—the everlasting struggle between black and white.

Gyp's greatest earthly joy is Gus Eddy and the country. I have always imagined that his overweening ambition was a decent tail—a tail like other dogs—and I follow the leading lights of Methodism—and Gyp's family are all Methodists—in believing that in some fairer clime than this his heart's desire will be gratified.

I'm sure nothing is needed to preserve forever with us the memory of the classic simplicity of our school days' Arcady. So for our next toast I propose "The Post Graduate Arcady," and to respond to this, may I introduce Miss Anna Hoeke, and beg her to deal gently with us in memory of those callow days.

The Post Graduate Arcady - Miss Anna Hoeke

"I too was born in Arcadia."

In looking at the quotation which has been given me as the theme of my toast to-day, I am reminded of dear old Mr. Joseph Jefferson and one of his delightful bon mots. Last fall I was fortunate enough to be staying with some friends of his, just next his beautiful place at Buzzards Bay, and a note telling us that he was leaving unexpectedly for New York in the afternoon, and wanted us to come and spend the morning with him and his pictures, found us early visitors, and Mr. Jefferson the charming, inimitable host that only a great-hearted, twinkling, veritable Rip Van Winkle could be.

We had hardly more than arrived when he looked up questioningly and said: "Do you know I am miserably upset. My friend Gilder has telegraphed me that I am to come on to be the speaker at the Tolstoi dinner to-morrow night, and I can't see a way out of it. Now, who is Tolstoi? I only know that he is a Russian who writes books that I don't like."

Now, what is a Post Graduate Arcady? Is it a vision of the class of '99 of the few years immediately succeeding to-day, of a laughing, dancing, never-may-care life, along rose strewn paths and grassy vales, where there are neither text books nor study hours; where the birds sing, the skies are always blue and the sun never ceases to shine?

Or is it that overwhelming post condition which brings a realization of the bigness of the things and

the littleness of self, in that never ending, struggling operation of trying to fit the pin in the hole.

I think it is both, and our Arcady is found in the happy discovery that something has made it possible for us to turn our hand to the whirring wheel of the scheme of life, still keeping our delicate sensitive feelings; still loving the skies and laughing in the sunlight as well. That something is the mason work of our Alma Mater, and we find her foundation worthy of a house far beyond our own building.

It would be childish to ask you to believe that the true Golden Age is that of primitiveness and simplicity. The idyllic conception of the later Roman poets of Arcadia is not to be traced in the old Hellenic bards, who were better acquainted with the actual facts. So with us. Your budding Arcadia is yet to blossom. We ancient post graduate Hellenes tell you that it is splendid to live in a great, complex, wonderful world, and try to grasp the meaning of it all. There you find Arcadia, and I toast you all, Arcadians.

For my next toast I have a large quiver full of arrows that, whether sharp or dull, need to be guided by fine experienced hands. It isn't every one we should like to trust with these sharp pointed weapons, but we can feel reassured when I introduce Miss Anna King and ask her to just remember that we are all on the firing line.

Our Post Graduate Ideals - - - Miss Anna King

"In my schooldays, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the self same flight
The self same way, with more advised watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring
both oft found both."

Note.—The Editorial Committee regrets exceedingly that Miss King refuses to allow her response to be published.

Some of you may know that this is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of being with you on one of these festive occasions. And while it has all the charm of novelty, it seems strangely familiar too, at times, to be seated around the same board with Mrs. Somers, as I used to be in several lesson periods, and, after what seems the silence of centuries, to again see before me those same sparkling eyes that penetrated in the same sure way, that same rapid glance that embraces one's whole external and internal world, not allowing even the very microbes of one's innermost thoughts to escape it. But presto change! I'm at the head of the table and I'm going to call on Mrs. Somers to recite, or rather respond to, our next toast.

The New Members of the Faculty - Mrs. Somers

"Wearing all the weight of learning
Lightly, like a flower."

Note.—Mrs. Somers upon rising to reply to this toast introduced those new teachers who were present and called upon one of their number, Miss Elizabeth Stewart, teacher of Mathematics and Latin, to respond.

Response - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Stewart

Mrs. Chairman—ladies—I appeal!
You can't think how alarmed I feel.
Without one word of warning, too!
Oh brilliant ones, what would *you* do?
Miss Ames—Miss Walker, won't you lend
One scintillation to a friend?
From your vast store of words and wit
You would not miss a little bit.
I was not trained at M. V. S.,
And no such speaking powers possess.
And then the subject! I must say
For utt'rance *je suis trop complet*
For of the teachers, new and old,

The half, I'm sure, can not be told.
The first one is not here to-day.
I don't know why she stayed away.
Miss Harbaugh: I'm sure you see
Her tale. *Veni, vidi, vici.*
Veni: I came—two years ago;
Vidi: I saw—how things should go;
Vici: I conquered. Now her rule
Is owned by every girl in school.
The only thing they won't obey
Is the command, "No flowers, pray."
For on that cold, stern, marble shrine
They lay their gifts of every kind.

There are few here that will recall
How one day, hot it was, last fall,
From o'er the hills and far away,
Girded and ready for the fray,
Came three lone forms; their battle cry,
"New teachers we! We do or die!"
The year is past. We are not dead,
Perhaps the classes are instead.
Not dead, I think, but sleeping, mute,
At questions that begin, "Compute."
Then they all sit like silent stone,
Speechless, or only speak to groan,
And life can only be infused,
By the cold words, "You are excused."
Ah, then they move and seem to feel
A thrill of life from head to heel.
But now they've left these hated classes,
And every senior gladly passes
To join this great Association.
So proud her mien, so high her station.
Arithmetic they may abhor,
Or vocal culture call a bore,
But hear the essays they can write,
And literature—Ah, yes! they're bright,
The things they like, those they can do,

And know them really through and through,
And there *is* something very fine
About that class of Ninety-Nine.
And when we come back here next year,
We'll miss them sadly, never fear;
And yet despite that direful lack
We're very glad we're coming back.

Of course I cannot mention here
The joys and pleasures of this year.
Should I endeavor to relate
One-half the things I'd like to state,
Not only would you lack the time
But I should sadly need a rhyme.
There's just one thing that all the year
To our minds has not been quite clear.
With such festivities, why not we
Be asked to *one* alumnæ tea?
That little rift within the lute
Had almost made the music mute.
But joy and rapture unforseen,
When in the mail our vision keen
Perceived, with voiceless admiration,
To this great lunch an invitation.
Some joys that are to mortals given
Have less of earth in them than Heaven!
It is indeed a privilege dear,
A fitting climax to the year,—
This year we've spent at M. V. S.
That gives to all her kind impress,
A school most wisely, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, to command.
And then behold, with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine,
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
Alarmed at neither life nor death.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
Upheld by fate, by fortune fanned,

The leading lady of the land.
Now just a word I'd like to add,
'Tis but a word, pray don't be sad.
We'll bend the work of hand and brain
Your highest standards to maintain;
You love the school—yes, so do we,
And the new teachers make this plea,
Be to our virtues very kind
And to our faults a little blind.

"A scholar is the favorite of Heaven and Earth," at least so Emerson says. Visions of never to be forgotten gladness come to me as I propose this, our last toast. I suppose there is no time in the whole history of man when one so little needs inspiration or any possible help on any possible subject as when we first graduate. But we can hardly expect the pretty galaxy of girls, our debutantes, to feel the inspiration or awe or admiration that we feel for these, our "Post Graduate Ideals" or our "Post Graduate Arcady." But we wish them to be represented here, and I'm sure there are none of us with sufficient heroic courage to speak for these learned children, so I have chosen a "slip of a girl with the grace of spring" to represent her class and respond to our last toast.

The Alumnæ Debutante - MISS HELEN PENNYPACKER

"Queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

Miss President, Mrs. Somers and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

In rising thus to respond to the class toast, I realize fully how unseemly my conduct must appear to you, who expect nothing of trembling debutantes and modest rosebuds, but to keep quietly in the background and allow the maturer roses to do the blowing—blooming, I mean!

In fact, we hardly care to lay claim to any of the adjectives that cluster about the word debutante. We are added to the ranks of the Alumnæ to-day like a postscript, as it were, to that message which, through you, Mrs. Somers has been sending to all the world. Like yours, our minds are full to overflowing with plans and projects for the coming years, and our hearts too, are illumined with that flickering flame of courage and endeavor which, in time, and with your help, will change into that steady light of courage which shall guide our future pathway.

In this, our first step into the world in which you have been working, we are somewhat appalled by the many evidences of all that you have accomplished. I I can only hope that you will find that we, to borrow a feather from Minerva's owl, who have so long been the ugly ducklings of the back pond, may at length become, like you, the white swans of the ornamental waters.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

THE closing days of school this year were unusually interesting. The festivities beginning May fourteenth were as follows:

Sunday, May 14th.—"Order of the Lily." Installation.
Thursday, May 18th.—Musical by the Classes in Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Friday, May 19th.—"I. T. S." Installation and Banquet.
Saturday, May 20th.—"B. T. S." German.
Friday, May 26th.—School Day Exercises.
Saturday, May 27th.—Alumnæ Reunion.
Monday, May 29th.—Class Night Exercises.
Tuesday, May 30th.—Commencement.

One of the features of this year's exercises was the "Order of the Lily" Installation which took place in the Music Room, Sunday evening, May fourteenth, when nine new names were added to the tablet.

On the evening of May twenty-ninth, a large number of guests met in the Music Room, which was beautifully decorated with purple and gold, the chosen colors of the year, to enjoy the Class Night Exercises. The Class President, Miss Elizabeth Fletcher, presided most gracefully.

A new and interesting part of the program was the Banner Presentation. This banner, presented by the class of '99, is to be the emblem of seniority to the coming classes.

May thirtieth the Luther Place Memorial Church was again lavishly decorated with palms, ferns and yellow and white daisies for the Commencement of Mount Vernon Seminary.

The music, which was exquisitely rendered, by a chorus of female voices, was under the direction of Mr. Kaspar.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, in his inimitable way, delivered the address to the graduating class. His subject was, "Under a Painter's Umbrella."

After the presentation of diplomas by Mrs. Somers, seventeen more girls went forth from M. V. S., having attained the highest honors of their Alma Mater.

CAROLINE W. JANNEY.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

THE resident Alumnæ have enjoyed a delightful innovation this winter in a series of afternoon teas. These informal receptions, which have been quite apart from the three regular meetings required in the Constitution, have been started in order to give the large local Association a better chance to find out how very loyal and congenial a body of M. V. S. girls it is.

To Miss Cornelia I. Morgan, of the class of '81, belongs the credit of the initiative, her invitations reading: "It will give me great pleasure to have you meet informally the resident Alumnæ of M. V. S. on January the twenty-eighth, at four o'clock." The "great pleasure" was most literally verified by everyone who had the privilege of attending this first tea.

Then the faithful class of '88, seven of whose eight members are resident, entertained the Association at the home of Mrs. Nellie Walker Clephane, on February the twenty-fifth. The invitations to their delightful tea were so attractive that the Officers, with eyes open, *ex-officio*, to all excellence, calmly copied them, when later they themselves became the hostesses.

By March the Association had grown so appreciative of its social possibilities that when Mrs. Marie Wilkinson Hodgkins, of the class of '86, gave the third tea—"To meet the President of the M. V. S. Alumnæ"—the attendance was quite general. Last of all, the Officers took speedy advantage of Mrs. Somers' return to add to their invitation of April the fifteenth the magic words: "To meet Mrs. Somers."

Altogether these teas, "for lagniappe," or good measure, to borrow a phrase from our New Orleans girls, have been a great success, not only from the standpoint of pleasure, but also from that of acquaintanceship, as the unloosening of tongues at the charming May luncheon proved. Expectation runs high and imagination rife for the possibilities of 1900. It is in the very air, as the White Queen said to Alice, "that something's going to happen."

A GLIMPSE AT NEW BOOKS.

EARLY in the last school year each resident member of the Alumnæ Association received a very dainty invitation to spend the first and third Saturday afternoons of each month at the school library, where, under the direction of Miss Ames and through the courtesy of Brentano, about sixty of the choice new books of the season could be seen, arranged on little tables in such a way that those who came to inspect them could slip into a nearby chair and enjoy a little call, as it were, on Tennyson or the Brownings, or with Crawford in Rome, to say nothing of glimpses into the many new novels about which every one was talking.

This bright plan proved most delightfully interesting, and those who came lingered many minutes and found themselves looking forward to the next Book Day with great pleasure.

These exhibits formed also one of the pleasant connecting links between the Alumnæ and the School, where the Association girls could meet and become better acquainted with each other, as well as catch a glimpse of the new books of the day, and there is an earnest hope that the plan will be continued another year.

A SUGGESTION FROM A BOOK LOVER

WITHIN the past decade, a movement has found increasing favor in some of the best schools and colleges of the country, to make the library a repository for gifts of love and remembrance. It is hardly possible to feel strongly for one's Alma Mater without wishing to give the loyalty some tangible form, and no magnet for benefactions offers greater attractions than the library, because books can not only be made personal and permanent reminders of past students, but they may become also of general and immediate service to present ones.

Of course, in every school and college of wealth and position, large funds are expended by the institution itself to purchase such books as are necessary for study and for growth. Gifts to the library from loyal Alumnæ, on the other hand, have to do not with its necessities, but with its luxuries, and post graduate donors, untrammeled by qualms of duty or of even distribution, have their own delightful option as to whether they will concentrate favors to strengthen any one special department, or whether they will se-

lect afield in the charmed circle of books beyond the absolutely necessary. As advocating the department method, Radcliffe College may be cited as a progressive illustration, but in whatever way donations come—separately, in such beautiful sets as the new "Variorum edition" of Shakespeare, or in whole departments—nothing could be of more practical and permanent service to the Alma Mater; and there could be, certainly, no more fitting link between past and present, in school life, than this same vital medium of books.

As our Alumnæ are scattered so widely through the the country, it has occurred to one of them, that the girls, either individually or as classes, would be more than glad to keep abreast of so literary a movement, by being represented in the library of their common bond of union, M. V. S. Perhaps some class would interest itself in a book-plate for these library gifts, and some other class or classes would dream dreams and see visions of Mrs. Hensley's delight in a long row of new art books on the Alumnæ shelves. Are any of our loyal graduates far enough removed from Junior and Senior days to let their minds dwell on a little well selected collection of *essays?* Or, biography? What more incomparable browsing than biography and essays? Think of the "Thistle edition" of Stevenson, for instance, with an attractive Alumnæ book-plate that bears the inscription that it was presented to M. V. S. by the class of ——! Or, Lowell's Letters! Or, the new life of Tennyson!

But the suggestion is over-reaching its bounds, and since the pure mind of an M. V. S. girl may always be trusted to be stirred up, both by way of remembrance and anticipation, this word to the wise is sufficient.

A CIRCULATING BOOK CLUB.

THERE is a plan on foot for next year, to form a circulating Book Club for resident Alumnæ. The Club will be limited to twenty-five members, and the fee for each will be $5.00. New books will be bought as soon as issued, and since a week will be the time limit for keeping any volume, each member of the Club will have an opportunity, during the year, of extensive reading in current literature. At the close of the year the books will be retained as the property of the Club, subject to their pleasure in regard to future disposal. This Club will be started early in October, if the number of those wishing to become members justifies it. Will applicants please send in their names before October 1st to Miss A. S. Ames, 1412 21st street N. W. If the Club is started money must be payable in advance.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Somers sailed in the latter part of November to spend a much needed vacation abroad. Her return at Easter was heartily welcomed by her many girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Wilson (Izzie Herrick, '91,) visited Washington during May.

Miss Mabel Eddy, '77, has been elected Lady Principal of Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Miss Ethel Bogan, '95, is spending the summer at Lake Minnetonka.

Mr. Harvey Murray, husband of Mrs. Villa Welch Murray, '79, has been giving piano lessons at M. V. S. during the past winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cunningham (Eugenia Keen, '89,) spent the winter in Washington.

Miss Florence DePauw, '89, is spending a year abroad. In her journeyings she will visit Egypt, the Holy Land, Russia, Norway and Sweden.

Miss Eleanor Sowers, '96, sailed in March with Miss Dora Hill to spend Easter in Rome.

Miss Carolyn Porte, '82, spent the winter in Washington, where she had some private classes.

The Association is indebted to Miss Rachel Coffin, '88, for flowers during the last two years, at the Alumnæ luncheon.

Mrs. Somers gave a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Cecil Hooe (Edith Dingley, '90). Among the

invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cunningham (Eugenia Keen, '89), and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Wilson (Izzie L. Herrick, '91).

Miss Anna King, '89, sailed on the fifteenth of June to spend several months in European travel.

Among the ushers who served at Commencement were Molly Knapp, '97; Marsh Rees, '96; Grace Wright, '94; Anna Hoeke, '93; Florence Grandin, '96; Sue Elmore, '98; Grace Phillips, '97, and Nora Michener, '95.

Miss Hattie Berry, '96, has been teaching this winter at McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

Miss Grace Brouse will spend the summer abroad.

Miss Frances Thirlkeld, '96, spent the winter at St. Augustine, Florida, at the Hotel Ponce de Leon.

Miss Louise McWilliams, '89, who is travelling abroad, is expected home in the fall. She has had a number of pleasant experiences in Egypt, Greece, Turkey and Italy and will spend the summer in England, France and Holland.

Mrs. Willis Lord Moore (Nellie M. Vila, '81) visited in Washington this winter.

Miss Floretta Elmore will entertain a house party this summer. Several M. V. S. girls will be among the number.

Dr. Neil MacPhatter, husband of Bertha Hammond, '92, was in the Windsor Hotel fire, from which he rescued several people. His bravery caused him a fractured ankle.

Miss Elsie Edwards, '93, is continuing her studies in painting and vocal music in Paris.

Mrs. Frederick True (Louise Prentiss, '84) will spend the summer at Brooklin, on the coast of Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce McPherson (Cornelia Wright, '91) and her sister, Miss Grace Wright, '94, will spend the summer abroad.

Miss Lalla Ruth Carr, '95, and Miss Honora Patton, '95, spent the late winter and spring in Japan and Hawaii.

Mrs. Adelaide S. Holden, '79, after spending the winter in Washington has returned to her country home, "Bonnie Brae," Hyattsville, Maryland, for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Hampson (Blanche Wilson, '96,) has been spending the winter in Chicago and Denver.

Miss Grace Watkins, '97, and Miss Helen Pennypacker, '99, sailed with Mrs. Hensley to spend the summer abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. Robbins (Ida Hawley, '79,) are happily and prosperously located at Mayville, New York.

Miss Edith Birney, '97, is studying medicine in Baltimore.

Miss Ella Thomas, '97, who returned last December from her two years' study in Paris is now with her sister, Mrs. Sanders, at West Newton, Massachusetts.

Misses Niedringhaus and Artman, '99, have joined Frau Naumann's party for European travel.

The engagement of Bessie Fletcher, '99, is announced. She will visit the school in October.

Miss Molly Knapp and Miss Grace Phillips, '97, visited Washington in February and were also present at the Reunion in June.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Plant, '95, to Mr. Richard Hyghland Cox, of Baltimore.

Among the out of town members who attended the Reunion were Mrs. Phila Calder Nye, '91; Sue El-

more, '98; Mrs. Addie Burr Clark, '88; Molly Knapp, '97; Grace Phillips, '97; Mary Potter, '85, and Marsh Rees, '96.

Miss Mary Jackson, '97, spent the winter in Washington.

Miss Florence Grandin, '96, spent part of the winter in Florida, where she had great success fishing, one of her catches being a ninety-five pound tarpon.

Miss Mary Isabel Potter, '85, in her pretty Deaconess costume, was a guest at M. V. S. during Commencement Week.

The class of '96 feel very proud of their first baby, the son of Mrs. Blanche Wilson Hampson, '96, who opened his eyes early in the spring.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has been made an honorary member of the class of '99.

Miss Scull, who has been so long interested in M. V. S., has sent telegrams of greeting to each of our social gatherings this winter.

Miss Grace Phillips, '97, and her guests, Miss Grace Terrill, '96, and Miss Molly Knapp, '97, who were injured in a wreck near Butler, Pennsylvania, are rapidly improving.

Mrs. Phila Calder Nye, '91, is visiting Mrs. Somers at her country home, "Rock Rest," Snickersville, Virginia.

AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '99.

Our theosophist, if she wishes, may find comforting proof of her faith in the charming personality of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, whose versatile genius and manliness seem quite too much for one life time's accomplishment. Which of those knights, I wonder, of that "Table Round" lives now in Mr. Smith? Perhaps King Arthur himself—why surely so—King Author! Forgive the pun; but is he not also Poet, Actor, Artist, Engineer and last of all a member of the class of '99 of whom M. V. S. is justly proud? Yes, he is, and here's a welcome to the much-traveled, many-sided and mysterious, dear Mr. Smith.

H.

MARRIAGES.

February 1, 1899, Miss Rosamond McDermott, '94, to Mr. Raymond Patterson Van Camp, of Indianapolis.

November 16, 1898, Miss Lillie May Bowen, '94, to Mr. Charles Wilbur Fairfax.

March, 1899, at Lewiston, Maine, Miss Edith Dingley, '90, to Mr. John Cecil Hooe.

September 14, 1898, at Denver, Colorado, Miss Elizabeth Hardin Field, '91, to Mr. Edward Bell Field.

June 6, 1899, at Kansas City, Miss Myrtle Baird, '92, to Mr. John Chrisholm.

May 4, 1899, Miss Beulah Hubbell, '93, to Count Carl Axel Wachtmeister, of Sweden.

DEATHS.

January 13, 1899, in Washington, Representative Nelson Dingley, father of Edith Dingley, '90.

BIRTHS.

In Washington, on September 26, 1898, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Clark (Addie Burr, '88), a daughter, Jane Perry Clark.

In Chicago, on January 26, 1899, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H Hampson (Blanche Wilson, '96), a son, Wilson Hampson.

July 29, 1898, to Mr. and Mrs William N. Wishard (Frances Scoville, '84), a son, William Niles Wishard, Jr.

TWELFTH ANNUAL
· · · REPORT · · ·

OF THE

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

OF

MOUNT · VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MDCCCC

EDITORIAL.

A quarter of a century ago a class of one was graduated from Mount Vernon Seminary. This year seventeen young women were gathered into the Alumnæ fold.

Probably with the same hopes and ambitions this first graduate entered the great school-room of the world as do these of today, but unless her views of the future were of a most optimistic and imaginative character, we can hardly believe that she expected to ride in a horseless vehicle as the century closed, or by the aid of Roentgen rays, see through a solid object as Scrooge saw through Jacob Marley's body, the buttons on the back of his coat.

So many things in familiar use a quarter of a century ago have given place to inventions which seem as we use them to be almost of a miraculous nature. Old methods have given way to new and better ones.

As the class of one has developed to one of seventeen, so the school, small at first, has grown and increased in size, spreading out into new quarters.

Keeping abreast of the times with able instructors and the added studies necessary to fit a woman to cope with the labors of the broader field open to her today, our Alma Mater stands, at the close of twenty-five years, a model school in every respect.

Two hundred and twenty names are now enrolled on the Alumnæ records, and as many girls are living the spirit of the school in many different walks of life.

We are proud of those on our lists who are actively battling against ignorance and vice in mission fields. We are proud of those who make names for themselves in the world of Art and Letters. We are proud of the mothers who are preparing young hearts and minds for a future training at M. V. S. We are proud of them each and every one. And now we add to our ranks the class of nineteen-hundred, upon whose shoulders rests the mantle of our sisterhood with its responsibilities and pleasures.

They will find in us true friends whose sympathies, hopes, and ambitions lie in the same directions toward which their own tend.

At the close of this epoch in our school history, and near the end of a completed century, looking over into the years beyond, we say, "God speed" to each wearer of the white and gold.

HELEN C. SLATER, *Chairman.*
CAROLINE W. JANNEY.
ANNE SEYMOUR AMES.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY · · ·

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Active Members.

1876.

NAYLOR, MINNIE E. (Mrs. G. W. F. Swartzell), Chevy Chase, Md.

1877.

CLARKE, MARGARET (Mrs. W. A. H. Church). *Died February 13, 1892.*

EDDY, MABEL, Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.

EVERTS, JULIET (Mrs. Willis Robb), Hillside Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

GILLIS, CARRIE B. (Mrs. David Murray), 385 West End Ave., New York City.

STEWART, MARY (Mrs. John Carey), 660 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

1878.

ANDRUS, IDA MUNSON, 211 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

NASH, LURA (Mrs. Clarence Griggs), 1333 Ottawa Avenue, Ottawa, Ill.

*When not otherwise expressly stated all addresses are in Washington, D. C.

NOKES, FLORENCE CATHERINE (Mrs. Arthur Murphy), 392 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RANKIN, MARY F. (Mrs. Harvey Goulder), 45 Hilburn Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

1879.

BAGGS, ANNA WOODBURN (Mrs. L. A. Koehne), 548 Capital Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

BRYAN, CARRIE PRYOR (Mrs. S. Preston Moses), 7 Cambria St., Somerville, Mass.

HAWLEY, IDA MARGARET (Mrs. A. J. Robbins), Mayville, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

LANDERS, MARY (Mrs. John Beall), *Died Thanksgiving Day, '92.*

MORGAN, CAROLINE WAUGH, 1446 Kenesaw Ave. N. W.

SMITH, ADALYN E. (Mrs. A. R. Holden), 1601 19th St.

SOMERS, JULIA MAY (Mrs. Horace G. Candee), 1420 Sherwood Ave., Omaha, Neb.

TILLEY, THERESE (Mrs. Morgan L. Neville).

WELCH, VILLA (Mrs. Harvey Murray), "The Portner."

1880.

GOODWIN, MYRA (Mrs. Samuel Plantz), Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis.

KENNEDY, ANNA MARY, . . . Capitol View, Md.

NOKES, ALICE MAUD (Mrs. Nathan Hall), Socorro, N. M.

RABB, SADIE ROSS (Mrs. James Wade Emason), Vincennes, Ind.

WALKER, CORA M. (Mrs. F. L. Hayes), Manitou, Col.

WHEELER, MARY, ... Reisterstown, Md.

1881.

AMES, ANNE SEYMOUR, . . . 1412 21st St. N. W.

CHASE, FANNIE ROBINSON (Mrs B. G. Poole), 945 Rhode Island Ave.

GRANDIN, ADELE MAY (Mrs. C. S. Morton), 5516 Morris St., Germantown, Pa.

HOGUE, ALMA MARIE (Mrs. Dr. W. W. Baxter), Michigan City, Ind.

MARLOW, ELLA V. (Mrs. William H. Harrison), Laurel, Md.

MORGAN, CORNELIA IRBY, 315 Four-and-a-half St. N. W.

TUNE, FRANCES ADELAIDE (Mrs. W. F. Walker), 610 E St. N. W.

VILA, NELLIE M. (Mrs. Willis Lord Moore), 510 First Ave., East Hutchison, Kan.

WALKER, HATTIE BELLE, . . . 215 E St. N.W.

1882.

BARNETT, GERTRUDE (Mrs. William E. Beach), 195 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

CALDER, REGINA (Mrs. Ehrman B. Mitchell), 315 N. Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.

LACEY, JESSIE PIXLEY, 305 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

LEECH, ELIZABETH BEALL, 29 Luckie St., Atlanta, Ga.

PORTE, CAROLYN E., . . 1216 Connecticut Ave.

1883.

CAMMACK, MARY LITTLE. . . *Died March, 1887.*

ELLIOTT, HATTIE M. (Mrs. Frank RIDGLEY), Springfield, Ill.

JENNINGS, MARY, 223 West State St., Harrisburg, Pa.

NASH, FLORENCE HELEN (Mrs. Weis), 127 Prospect Ave., Ottawa, Ill.

1884.

DEAN, MARIAN A. (Mrs. Frederick L. Barnhisel), Hollister, Cal.

FOSTER, ELEONOR (Mrs. Robert Lansing), Watertown, N. Y.

GALT, MARGARET G. (Mrs. E. Chester Stott), Taneytown, Md.

GRANDIN, EMMA M. (Mrs. James Stoughton), "The Majestic," Brookline, Boston, Mass.

LACEY, EDITH M., 305 Davis Street, Evanston, Ill

NISBET, JENNIE E. (Mrs. J. H. Zarecor), Cor. Hyde and Broad Sts., Nashville, Tenn.

PRENTISS, LOUISE E. (Mrs. Frederick W. True), 1320 Yale St.

SCOVILLE, FRANCES E. (Mrs. William N. WISHARD), 843 Capitol Ave. N., Indianapolis, Ind.

1885.

CRAMPTON, MABEL, (Mrs. James McCarrach), 49 Montgomery Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FINLEY, GRACE M., 223 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

INCH, AGNES, ... 1702 P St. N. W.

POTTER, MARY ISABEL, . . Farmington, Conn.

TORINUS, GRACIA FREDRIKA (Mrs. Hiram King), *Died December 31, 1889.*

WILSON, LOUISE B. (Mrs. Lloyd W. Bowers). *Died December 18, 1897.*

1886.

ALLEN, CARRIE (Mrs. W. D. Van Horn), Wellsboro', Pa.

CANNON, MABEL (Mrs. E. X. Leseure), Danville, Ill.

HAYDOCK, MELLIE (Mrs. J. P. Camp). *Died July 28, 1893.*

MORGAN, KATHARINE (Mrs. Elmer F. Joyce), Waterbury, Anne Arundel County, Md.

STAPLES, HARRIET, ... Dubuque, Iowa.

STINEMETZ, NETTIE (Mrs. R. L. Bains), 1334 W St., N. W.

THOMPSON, MARGARET, 499 East Ave., Galveston, Tex.

WILKINSON, MARIE (Mrs. Howard L. Hodgkins), 1830 T St. N. W.

WILSON, LINA E. (Mrs. William Alton). *Died May 25, 1896.*

1887.

EIGHMEY, AUGUSTA, 1337 Main St., Dubuque, Iowa.

LUSE, ALETHEA H. (Mrs. Sydney Underwood), 5421 Cornell Ave., Hyde Park, Chicago, Ill.

NORTON, MARY, . 254 W. Fifth St., Winona, Minn.
PRICE, ANNIE (Mrs. E. F. Simpson), 5512 Morris St., Germantown, Pa.
WARTMANN, SARAH, ... Evansville, Ind.
WILLIS, GRACE, ... 2030 Sixteenth St.

1888.

BRADFORD, MARY KNIGHT, . . 904 M St. N. W.
BURR, ADDIE PERRY (Mrs. John C. Clark), 182 W. Seventy-fifth St., New York City.
COFFIN, RACHEL JONES, ... Muirkirk, Md.
FORD, CLARA (Mrs. Charles Francis Nesbit), 1801 Phelps Place.
LEMON, MARTHA LOUISE (Mrs. S. C. Cissel), 504 Eleventh St. S. E.
SKILLMAN, NANNIE VAN DYKE, 214 New Jersey Ave. S. E.
STINEMETZ, MARY ADA, . . . 1531 P St. N. W.
WALKER, NELLIE MATHILDA (Mrs. Walter C. Clephane), 1747 Corcoran St.

1889.

DEPAUW, FLORENCE LEYDEN, care of Newland Depauw, New Albany, Ind.
FORCE, MARY, . . . 524 Mabra St., Selma, Ala.
KEEN, EUGENIA (Mrs. Louis Cunningham), Niagara Hotel, Niagara, N. Y.
KING, ANNA S., ... 1315 Twelfth St. N. W.
MCWILLIAMS, LOUISE, ... Dwight, Ill.
WOODSON, MARY ALICE (Mrs. J. C. Hosea), Angels Camp, Cal.
YOUNG, FLORENCE R., care Dr. Hugo, 808 Seventeenth St. N. W.

1890.

REGULAR COURSE.

COOK, EDITH DENNISON, 3625 Ellis Park, Chicago, Ill.
DINGLEY, EDITH (Mrs. John Cecil Hooe), care Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, 1400 New Hampshire Ave., N. W.

DIVER, MARY HANNAH (Mrs. Harry Burroughs), *Died December 29, 1897.*

HANCOCK, ORA ADÈLA, ... Dubuque, Iowa.

KENNEDY, CLARA CELINDA, . Capitol View, Md.

NAYLOR, NAOMI BLANCHE (Mrs. Dr. Joseph R. Huntt), Laurel, Md.

RICKER, LUCY MYRA, ... Lewiston, Me.

STEADMAN, KATE WRIGHT, . . . Greensboro, Ga.

TAFT, INA MARIE, Chicago Beach Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

WOLF, MARY ROBERTA (Mrs. Huber G. Buehler), Lakeville, Conn.

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YOSHI KUKI (Mme. Matsugata), . . Kobi, Japan.

TANNER, LUCINDA JANE (Mrs. John A. Barnes), Springfield, Ill.

TUNE, EDNA HENDERSON, . . . 610 E St. N. W.

1891.

BEEBE, ANNA CORYELL (Mrs. William F. Keller), Easton, Pa.

BRUSH, ELEANOR G. (Mrs. H. Newton Hempstead), Maplewood, New Jersey.

CALDER, PHILA L. (Mrs. Joseph K. Nye), 1100 M St. N. W.

CHAMBERLIN, ELSA D. (Mrs. C. H. Mower), care Mrs. Chamberlin, New Haven, Conn.

CHILES, MARY (Mrs. John McPherson Dennis), 1416 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.

CLAPP, FRANCES PEARSON (Mrs. Robert Calvin Hall), Pittsburg, Pa.

EDWARDS, GRACE D., . . . 1531 Vermont Ave.

FIELD, ELIZABETH H. (Mrs. Edward Bell Field), 275 Logan Ave., Denver, Col.

HERRICK, IZZIE L. (Mrs. Frederick P. Wilson), 1716 Emerson Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

LILLEY, MARION D. (Mrs. Boyd Taylor), 2004 15th St. N. W.

PLAIN, SUSIE B. (Mrs. Charles Carroll Morgan), 1121 12th St. N. W.

SEIPP, CLARA (Mrs. Henry Bartholomay); 3300 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SHIELDS, SARA BAINBRIDGE (Mrs. Wm. M. Warren), 47 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass.

WRIGHT, CORNELIA HARNDEN (Mrs. John Bruce McPherson), Gettysburg, Pa.

1892.

BAIRD, MYRTLE (Mrs. John Chrisholm), 3135 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

BOOGE, LAURA ELIZABETH (Mrs. Ensley M. Bent), 21 Buena Park Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

BROWN, CATHERINE, ... Hutchinson, Kan.

CHOATE, KATHARINE, ... Rockville, Md.

DOYLE, GRACE ALICE, ... Toledo, Ohio.

FARRAR, ZOÉ, ... Waterford, Pa.

FORD, NELLIE BLANCHE, 146 North Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

HAMMOND, BERTHA ELIZABETH (Mrs. Neil MacPhatter), care W. A. Hammond, Putnam, Conn.

HASSELMAN, ANNA, 100 E. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HURST, HELEN, ... 1207 Connecticut Ave.

MCCABE, MARY ALICE, 1931 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill.

SARGENT, ANNE CUSHING (Mrs. Henry Kidder Gilbert), 541 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1893.

BARNITZ, BLANCHE C. (Mrs. Hobart M. Stocking), St. Paul, Minn.

BENTLEY, GRACE N., . . . Grand Island, Neb.

DARE, ELIZABETH B., ... 221 A St. S. E.

EDWARDS, ALICE E., ... 1100 M St. N. W.

HOEKE, ANNA L. (Mrs. Victor Mapes), 60 W. Fortieth St., New York City.

HUBBELL, BEULAH C. (Countess Carl Axel Wachtmeister), Stockholm, Sweden.

MCCAULEY, MARY, ... 220 B St. S. E.

MELLEN, GERTRUDE (Mrs. Henry T. Fuller), 902 Lake Ave., Racine, Wis.

PECK, KATHARINE L. (Mrs. Frederick E. Wadsworth), 663 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PETERS, EMAUGENE L., . . . Galloway, Ohio.

QUICK, FLORENCE W. (Mrs. Edward Brady, Jr.), Golden's Bridge, N. Y.

RIDENOUR, ALICE B. (Mrs. Ernest Allen Reymound), 1356 Josephine St., Denver, Col.

SHELLABARGER, CORINNE, ... Decatur, Ill.

SWOPE, BLANCHE M., ... 1312 N St. N. W.

WOOD, FRANCES, ... Marshall, Mo.

1894.

BOWEN, LILLIE MAY (Mrs. Chas. W. Fairfax), 1127 Twelfth St. N. W.

BRAND, HEDWIG, (Mrs. Carl M. Gotfried), 35 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.

BROWN, MAZIE F. KILLINGSWORTH, 2110 Nineteenth St. N. W.

DARE, ELLA BERRY, ... 221 A St. S. E.

DUFOUR, DORA ELISE (Mrs. Albert Thorpe Ryan), Blackfoot, Idaho.

DUVALL, LOUISE, ... 1831 M St. N. W.

GREEN, IVY, ... Washington, D. C.

GUNNISON, RITCHIE FORD, . *Died June 11, 1895.*

HANCOCK, EDITH STARK, . . . 1724 P St. N. W.

HEMPHILL, ORA JOSEPH, . . . 1724 P St. N. W.

HOSEA, JEANNIE NELSON (Mrs. Edward Allen Laird), St. Joseph, Mo.

MCDERMOTT, ROSAMOND (Mrs. Raymond P. Van Camp), 1324 N. Delane St., Indianapolis, Ind.

MELISH, MAY (Mrs. B. F. Harris), Champaign, Ill.

TRIMBLE, FRANCES MARIAN, 1320 Rhode Island Ave.

WALKER, MABEL ADELAIDE, . 1105 C. St. S. W.

WHITE, CECYL EUNICE, 475 Summit Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

WRIGHT, GRACE DUNCAN, . 1345 Vermont Ave.

1895.

BABER, BLANCHE, ... Paris, Ill.
BOGAN, ETHEL HERBERT, . . 421 G St. N. W.
CARR, LALLA RUTH, ... Durham, N. C.
CATLIN, MARY LANSING, . . . 1428 Euclid Place.
HATCH, ELIZABETH B., . . *Died August 4, 1895.*
LAKE, EDNA GREER, ... 1227 N St. N. W.
MCCABE, CAROLINE R., 1931 Orrington Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
MICHENER, NORA, . . 1624 Nineteenth St. N. W.
OTIS, MARY MARGUERITE, 4508 Lake Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
PATTON, HONORA LOUISE, . . Curwensville, Pa.
PLANT, LILLIAN LOUISE, ... 918 M St. N.W.
POLKINGHORN, LAURA BLANCHE, 414 2nd St. N. W.
WEYMOUTH, GRACE MARGARET, Lock Haven, Pa.

1896.

BERRY, HARRIET E., ... 2017 H St. N. W.
BIRNEY, MARGARET M., . . 1516 22nd St. N. W.
DUNCAN, ELIZABETH D., . . 1400 Stoughton St.
ELLIS, BERTHA M., ... 1604 13th St. N. W.
GRANDIN, FLORENCE, ... Tidioute, Pa.
JANNEY, CAROLINE W., 1006 Rhode Island Avenue.
KING, FLORENCE H., 775 East Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.
LUTZ, MARY E., ... 339 C St. N. W.
MILLER, FLORENCE C., ... 1742 Oregon Ave.
REARICK, ALBERTA E. (Mrs. Charles Henry Weaver), 609 Twenty-first St. N. W.
REES, M. MARSH, 226 Negley Avenue, North, Pittsburg, Pa.
SOWERS, ELEANOR K., . . 1320 New York Ave.
TERRILL, GRACE, ... 1334 Vermont Ave.
THIRLKELD, FRANCES E., 13 East Sixty-fourth St., New York City.
WILSON, BLANCHE (Mrs. Joseph H. Hampson), 704 Apartado, City of Mexico, Mexico.

1897.

BIRNEY, EDITH STOCKTON, . 1516 22nd St. N. W.
CONN, SALLIE KATHARINE . . . Elkhart, Ind.
COOK, MAUD CHRISTIE, ... Neenah, Wis.
HEEFNER, BERNICE THOMAS, . . Goshen, Ind.
JACKSON, MARY WOODIN (Mrs. Joseph E. Borches), Knoxville Tenn.
KNAPP, MARY WARNER, care C. A. Baker, Metzerott Building.
KUHNEN, ALICE LOUISE, 702 Perry St., Davenport, Iowa.
MURPHY, MARY ALICE, . . . E. St. Louis, Ill.
PHILLIPS, CLARINDA GRACE, . New Castle, Pa.
SANDERS, NORINNE, ... Chattanooga, Tenn.
THOMAS, ELLA GRANT, care Mrs. Saunders, West Newton, Mass.
WATKINS, GRACE ELEANORE, . . Winona, Minn.

1898.

ADAMS, ALICE MONTGOMERIE, 506 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
DETERDING, MAUDE EVOLYN, 303 S. Main St. Taylorville, Ill.
ELMORE, SUSAN HURD, 290 Franklyn Ave., Astoria, Oregon.
FORD, STELLA DUNBAR, 146 North Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.
MIXTER, FLORENCE LOUISE, 723 Twentieth St., Rock Island, Ill.
POLKINHORN, FLORENCE ISABEL, 414 Second St. N. W.
SLATER, HELEN CLARA, 440 New Jersey Ave. S. E.
WYLIE, MARY ELLEN, 1404 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

1899.

ARTMAN, PAULINE, "The Aldine," Philadelphia, Pa.
BENSINGER, CAMILLE, . 1237 Massachusetts Ave.
BUTLER, JENNA MAY, . . 200 Eighth St. S. W.
EDMONSTON, KATHARINE, 1220 Massachusetts Ave.

ELMORE, FLORETTA AMELIA, 290 Franklyn Ave, Astoria, Oregon.

FLETCHER, ELIZABETH E. (Mrs. Gabriel Flournoy Slaughter), 614 Oak St., Evanston, Ill.

HENRY, ALICE CHARLIE, . . . Anderson, Ind.

JARVIS, MARTHA COX, . . 1318 Twelfth St. N. W.

LAKE, LILLIAN ABBOTT, . . . 1227 N St. N. W.

LIBBEY, EMILY MAY, . 1631 Sixteenth St. N. W.

LUCAS, ELIZABETH, 928 Washington St., Columbus, Ind.

NIEDRINGHAUS, MAY, . *Died November 10, 1899.*

PAINTER, ALICE ELISE, . 900 Fourteenth St. N. W.

PALMER, HELEN, 440 West End Ave., New York City.

PENNYPACKER, HELEN, 913 West St., Wilmington, Del.

PRATT, LAURA CLARICE, Wellesley Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

STOCKING, FANNY HULDAH, . 1323 Princeton St.

1900.

BIRNEY, HELEN CONWAY, 1516 Twenty-second St. N. W.

BRADFORD, FAITH, ... 904 M St. N. W.

BUCK, THEDA, ... Bramwell, W. Va.

CALDER, HANNAH ELIZABETH, 34 Rutger St., Utica, N. Y.

COX, MARGARET BAINBRIDGE, Union National Bank, Louisville, Ky.

DIMMICK, JESSIE LAWRENCE, 1105 Vine St., Scranton, Pa.

FORREST, HELEN, ... Smethport, Pa.

HINMAN, GERTRUDE RISDON, 134 Van Buren St., Battle Creek, Mich.

JANNEY, GRACE MCPHERSON, 1006 Rhode Island Ave.

KASPAR, FRANCESCA, ... 1217 M St. N. W.

LUTZ, MARIAN, ... 339 C St. N. W.

MARSH, FRANCES M., ... 1303 Q St. N. W.

MICHENER, HELEN MARIE, 1624 Nineteenth St. N. W.

PRESS, MAE LOUISE, 6154 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, Ill.
PRINCE, MARY ABBOTT, 1680 Maine St., Quincy, Ill.
SHOPPELL, GRACE VAN BUREN, 3000 Fifteenth St. N. W.
TOLERTON, LUCY WARNER, 1704 Jefferson St., Toledo, Ohio.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

THIS Society shall be known as the ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY, Washington, D. C.

ARTICLE II.

Every graduate of the Institution shall be considered an active and life member of this Association.

ARTICLE III.

(*As Amended.*)

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Editorial Committee of three. These shall together constitute a Board of Directors, a majority of all the votes cast being necessary to a choice. All officers with the exception of the Editorial Committee shall be elected annually. This Committee shall serve three years, one member being elected each year.

ARTICLE IV.

The President shall preside at all meetings, and in her absence one of the Vice-Presidents shall act in her stead.

The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Association, and present an Annual Report.

The Recording Secretary shall keep an accurate record of the minutes of all meetings, and read the Annual Memoir.

The Treasurer shall receive all money collected as dues from members, and shall pay out the same only

upon order from the President; she shall keep a careful account of the financial affairs of the Association, a report of which she shall present at the expiration of her term of office.

ARTICLE V.

The Board of Directors shall have power to call meetings, fill vacancies occasioned by death or resignation, and otherwise conduct the general affairs of the Association. Three members of this Board shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

(*As Amended.*)

The regular meetings of this Association shall be two business meetings and a Reunion. The first business meeting shall be held on the second Saturday in January, for the purpose of arranging the program for the Reunion, and for the appointment of the necessary committees.

The second business meeting shall be held on the first Saturday in April, for the election of officers. The Reunion shall be held on the Saturday preceding Commencement, at 12 M.

Seven members of the Association, three of whom belong to the Board of Directors shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.

This Constitution may be altered or amended at the April meeting, by the vote of a majority of members present, seven members constituting a quorum.

ARTICLE VIII.

The Editorial Committee shall edit and publish an Annual, to be issued before July 1st, and to consist of original articles contributed by members only.

ARTICLE IX.

(*As Amended.*)

There shall be an annual tax of two dollars for each member of the Association to defray expenses.

REPORT OF THE

ANNUAL REUNION

THE Annual Reunion of the M. V. S. ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION was held in the Chapel, Saturday, May 26, 1900, with the President, Miss Wright, presiding.

Miss Ames introduced the class of 1900, and the President, in a charming address, welcomed them into the Association, Miss Press, the class president, responding in an interesting manner.

Miss Wright read a telegram from Miss Scull, whose words of loving counsel were gratefully appreciated.

After roll call an original and unusually interesting program was rendered, which was as follows:

AN HOUR WITH JANE AUSTEN.

"Shakespeare has neither equal nor second, but among those who in delineation of character approached nearest the great master we have no hesitation in placing Jane Austen."

T. B. MACAULAY.

"Read again, and for the third time, at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of Pride and Prejudice * * * the exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied me.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

"Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink! Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!"

Introduction of characters, . . MISS ANNA KING.
A Card Party and a Dance with their Gossip,
MISS FRANCES THIRLKELD.
Music, ... MISS EDNA LAKE.
Mr. Darcy's First Proposal, . MISS GRACE TERRILL.
Singing, ... MISS FRANCESCA KASPAR.
The Hero in a New Light, . MISS EDITH BIRNEY.
Music, ... MISS ETHEL BOGAN.
The Heroine in a New Light, . MISS LILLIAN PLANT.
Singing, ... MISS LILLIAN LAKE.
The Course of True Love, . MISS GRACE JANNEY.

At the conclusion of the program the Association adjourned to the reading-room where a daintily prepared luncheon was served on small, flower-decked tables. Mrs. Nye presided gracefully as toast mistress, the responses being exceedingly clever and bright.

Before adjournment the Association joined in singing the School Song, after which the "old girls" had the pleasure of listening to the class "yells" and songs of the "new girls."

The class of 1900 adds to our numbers seventeen new members, to each of whom we give a cordial welcome.

MABEL ADELAIDE WALKER,
Recording Secretary.

Treasurer's Report for Year Ending June 30th, 1900.

Receipts.

Balance in treasury, June 30th, 1899, . . .	$88.82
Received by Mary E. Lutz for back dues, .	2.00
Received by Mary E. Lutz for dues for 1899–1900	175.00
	$265.82

Disbursements.

Paid W. F. Roberts for Annuals, envelopes, and stamps, ...	$64.30
Paid W. F. Roberts for Alumnæ invitations,	11.40
Paid W. F. Roberts for business cards, . .	1.50
Paid W. F. Roberts for Reunion programs,	5.75
Paid Louise Duvall, Corresponding Secretary,	7.90
Paid M. E. Lutz, Treasurer, for stamps and stationery, ...	10.10
Paid Mme. Demonet & Son for luncheon, .	93.50
Paid Marie W. Hodgkins for additional luncheon expenditures, ...	8.45
Paid Frank Harrison for ménu cards, . . .	1.75
Paid Anne S. Ames for wallpaper and carpentering for Reunion	4.15
	$208.80

Amount received, ...	$265.82
Amount expended, ...	208.80
Balance on hand June 30th, 1900 .	$57.02

Mary E. Lutz,
Treasurer.

WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF 1900

BY THE PRESIDENT,

MISS GRACE DUNCAN WRIGHT.

Members of the class of 1900:

It is my pleasant duty today, not only to welcome you to the ranks of our Alumnæ Association, but to give you welcome to that post of honor my own class of '94 first held, but which the class of '99 came to share with us and to which you also assert your claim. There were seventeen of us, there were seventeen of last year's graduates and now there are seventeen of you. We slip down from our pinnacle of glory with reluctance, let it be confessed, and yet we needs must lose our own class feeling in the thought of the greater gain. And so, with an added zest to my good will, I make you welcome, glad that there are three of us who boast so large a number, that there are so many of you to bring new enthusiasm, new spirit into our Association; with the opportunity to do so much for us in every way, and to show us how much one new class can accomplish, until we, who date from farther back, shall catch the inspiration and all of us shall work together with a new zeal and pleasure.

As my predecessor in the Presidential chair said in her welcome, last year's class closed the quarter century work, and this year's class breaks new ground. May you bend to your task with a right good will, glad to be the ones to set the pace and mark the road that all who come after must follow, a road clear and strong in purpose, eager to do all good for our Associa-

tion, and raise her standard even higher. There is no need for us to dip into the discussion whether this year of 1900 is the closing or the beginning of a century. If it is the closing, then to you belongs the privilege of making this class of yours, the ablest and strongest of us all, that we may close the century with all honor and glory. If it is the beginning, then is the privilege equally yours and equally great of commencing the new period with a new energy and a new spirit for good.

There are many, many things that in our school days here at M. V. S. we have to learn, yet there is one thing we learn the very first of all, and are glad and proud to do so. That whatever we are called upon to do, that thing can we accomplish, whatsoever it may be. We may not do it very well, we may even do it rather badly, but if true M. V. S. girls, we do it, some way and somehow. It is a very good lesson to learn, even if we do rebel a little in the doing so, and often find the practice rather hard. So I hope that you of the class of 1900 have conned this lesson well, and bear the stamp of true M. V. S. girls, that whatever you are asked to do for this your Association, yours now as well as ours, you may do willingly and gladly, happy in the thought that you can and will compass it.

And so I give you welcome here today, most heartily and most sincerely, feeling sure I am only speaking for the whole Association when I tell you of the pleasure I have in bidding you seventeen, with your seventeen fold spirit of enthusiasm, to be with us and of us.

We make you very welcome.

RESPONSE OF THE CLASS OF 1900.

BY THE CLASS PRESIDENT,

MISS MAE LOUISE PRESS.

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

The youngest child of the Alumnæ, the Class of 1900, hears today with joy and pride your words of welcome and gives you heartfelt thanks. "There is divinity in odd numbers," says Shakespeare, and so we feel happiness in our seventeen who are here assembled, part of this stupendous whole. We, though the youngest and the weakest, aided by your influence and experience, may be able in years to come to extend our sphere of usefulness, for a dwarf sees farther than a giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on. We console ourselves by the thought that the close of our school life here is but the beginning of the larger life upon which we enter as members of the Alumnæ Association.

So in joining with you we must say farewell to our Alma Mater whose blessed influence goes with her blessing. We love her well, and are—

> "As rich in having such a jewel
> As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

TOASTMISTRESS,
MRS. PHILA CALDER NYE.

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

After being so ably entertained in the Chapel, and finding the faint, old-time air still lingering in the flowers and the dainty name cards that the Luncheon Committee has provided, it seems as though we might go farther and fare worse should we leave these older fields for new and untried scenes. Having spent a very agreeable hour with an *audible* Pride and Prejudice, also a most enjoyable time with an *edible* Pride without Prejudice, why not make the triumvirate complete with an *intellectual* Pride and Prejudice, placing first on our list—Our Pride, M. V. S.

I am sure that the members of the Association will be glad to have the response from one who is always ready when anything is to be done, whose acceptance comes promptly by the next mail, and who says that she may not do as well as some others, but will do *her best*—Miss Brown.

OUR PRIDE, M. V. S. . . . . MISS MAZIE BROWN

"Pride is the fitting comrade of prosperity."

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

I am in the position of grandmother's brocade: I "stand alone." The brocade is treated with much consideration, and I beg at your hands a little consid-

eration also. Perhaps before I finish you may wish me where the brocade usually is—laid away out of sight.

Daniel Webster said, in speaking of Massachusetts, "There she is. Look at her. She can speak for herself." So we may say of Mount Vernon Seminary. But when you love something very much, and are very proud of it, it is a pleasure to pay it tribute, however poor and inadequate the tribute may be.

A prominent clergyman of this city said to me a few months ago at an afternoon reception, "The atmosphere of Mount Vernon Seminary is so fine." It seemed to me no choicer praise could be given my Alma Mater. One can found a school; one cannot found an atmosphere. The atmosphere, ethereal and intangible, is created. A pupil may in after years forget the books she has conned, the lessons she has recited; but the atmosphere, she has absorbed into her innermost being, and as long as life shall last the subtle influence of that atmosphere will be a part of her and help make her what she is.

A fine curriculum may produce brilliant scholars, but a fine atmosphere makes noble men and women. The atmosphere of our school is free from superficiality, envy, gossip, and indolence, and is redolent with love, hearty co-operation, and enthusiasm.

A strong personality is always back of an atmosphere, and from that personality radiate intellectual and spiritual forces. Who can gauge their enduring potency?

The heart of every graduate, and indeed every pupil who has had the privilege of attending Mount Vernon Seminary, is full of gratitude to Mrs. Somers, who has made our school what it was and is.

Mrs. Browning says:

> "If a flower
> Were thrown you out of heaven at intervals
> You'd soon attain a trick of looking up."

Mrs. Somers has taught us the trick of "looking up."

Let us, then, drink a toast to her and to our school, which she has made for us and for others, a kind and ever thoughtful mother—a veritable Alma Mater.

If we have our Pride, we should have our Prejudices, and these, of course, must be treated judiciously else the effect might be disastrous. Therefore, let us pledge these—Our Virtuous Prejudices. A response to this, I feel, must be given by one who has no prejudices, whose position in the school is such that she stands as an adviser to one and all. To whom can I turn? In times of doubt and darkness, where is the oasis in our desert of ignorance, and what the ever-bubbling spring from which we always come refreshed? Where but in the Library and who but—Miss Ames?

OUR PREJUDICES . . . . . MISS ANNE S. AMES

"Prejudice renders a man's virtues his habit
And not a series of unconnected acts."

Mrs. Somers, Miss President, and Members of the Alumnæ Association.

When it was first suggested to me that I should toast the *prejudices* of our Association, the honor seemed a sinecure, for with better cause than Priest or Levite this fair-minded body would, naturally "pass by on the other side" and give such an unworthy weakness as a prejudice a wide road. But since I have read the generous quotation, and especially since I have heard the more than generous introduction, I am inclined to the belief that the only adequate illustration of a prejudiced person is the Good Samaritan who takes the most optimistic and kindly view possible of all weaknesses and who goes round with an unlimited supply of oil and wine. In which case, the pleasant, personal little word "our" in connection with prejudices, comes to us with the most delicate and subtle flattery.

Several of our quite striking prejudices seem to spring from the rare grace of modesty, and we are so unconscious of it! For instance, when the Refreshment or the Entertainment Committees are selected, or officers are chosen for the ensuing year, our prejudice in favor of some *other* one is so beautiful and so self denying, that "in honor preferring one another" absolutely stands out on us, so that she who runs, even, may read and we are walking decalogues. Or, this little business of responding to toasts—that keen, intoxicating privilege, so eagerly sought, so secretly longed for—what a Good Samaritan spirit there is among us, after all, as we stand and watch the other favored one going down the road, "beast" and all! Then what a prejudice we have against the monopoly of business meetings! If we cannot all come to enjoy their pleasures as we do of the more sober-minded Teas and Reunions, we make it a point of honor, that no more of us shall come than can possibly help it. "Fine, its noble of us," as Tommy would say.

But there were three Graces, and why harp on modesty and "in honor preferring one another" when the grace of contentment is equally as conspicuous! What an admirable, contented prejudice, then, *Mrs.* Mary Jennie (As-was) Is-now and Ever shall be has for children. "My life flows on" her letter reads, Reunion after Reunion, "in quietness and joy. I have little time for outside things, for the care of my growing family, of my dear little ones, engrosses me!" On the other hand, the meritorious prejudice of *Miss* Mary Jennie As-*is* in favor of the quietness and joy of single blessedness is just as striking. This very year, in this very building, an honored member of this very Association was overheard conducting the following quiz: "Which one of the Goddesses never married?" "Minerva," piped the class, in one voice. "And Minerva, as you will remember my children," went on the well-modulated tone, "Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom!"

But modesty prevents me from enumerating more of our prejudices, except the most obvious one of all, the omission of which would be inexcusable—our prejudice that we are the very nicest Alumnæ of the very nicest Alma Mater that ever was.

Fortunately the story which we have just been privileged to hear in brief, does not exhaust its topics with the mere title. So, in giving you the remaining toasts, we can still use the example which Jane Austen has made (with able assistance) so interesting. Elizabeth and the various members of her family will give place to our Alma Mater and her full-fledged household, at the head of which stands—our officers. I dare not ask one of them to respond for fear they will not do themselves justice, owing to an undue timidity and a certain backwardness about coming forward. So I shall call on one who knows them well to respond for them. She will, I am sure, through her knowledge of them, and her interest in the Association, make them see that we realize fully their worth, their courage, and their honor. I call on Miss Michener.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY . MISS NORA MICHENER

"Worth, courage, honor—these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

Its seems very unfortunate that the "Heads of our Family" are so modest that they leave to us, their understudies, the important office of telling to our family world their many virtues which are so easily seen; because the "Heads" for very reason of their awful dignity and silence, intimidate the bravest of us. Are we sure, though, that it is only modesty that has seized our "Heads"? Or, do they remember hearing the sweet, silver-haired woman who is our *real* head saying: "Remember a gentle, low voice," my little maids, "is an excellent thing in woman!"

If that is the case, I can easily guess why our toastmistress chose me to speak their praises. She has found out in some way that during my senior days I learned to know Miss Katharine Hill by spending many mornings with her and the *real* "litte maids" for talking—and loud talking at that—in the Reading Room.

There are may ways in which to praise our officers. Hard toil, sleepless nights, teas and "Records," are not conducive to "gentle, low voices" or sweet dispositions, yet their faces, wreathed in smiles today, do not mean "tomorrow I go out and you come into office," but simply show us their every-day, happy dispositions. I might say a great deal of them, too, as individuals—for instance, our large and worthy President, but I fear me I will not do her justice—so I toast them all—our "Heads" present, past, and future.

Never before today has a class joined our ranks, in which are so many who are of peculiar interest to the older members. All share the same warm welcome into our midst, but there are some of our number, who can remember the first day the little sister spent in the school, with a vividness that makes it seem as yesterday. Yet, here she stands, ready to become a full member of the Association! In the first flush of achievement one is apt to forget the guiding hand of other years. So it is by way of stiring up the pure minds of these little sisters by way of remembrance that I ask them to drink with me in loving remembrance of the watchful care of—Our Elder Sisters. I am going to ask one of these dear sisters to respond, and I will confess to taking the one who is, by reason of long and loving service, and vast experience in the ways of one little sister, well able to tell us a little of that which makes an elder sister such a very desirable thing. I call on Miss Bradford.

THE ELDER SISTER . . . . Miss Mary Bradford

"People will not look forward to posterity
Who never look backward to their ancestors."

Girls, our noses are broken, some of them in two places, for here we are called in to look at the new baby, who henceforth is to occupy all the time and attention of the family, so we must take a back seat. The unpleasant truth is forced upon us that we are no longer as young as we once were, for as elder sisters we are being called upon to act as chaperones and verily our day is over!

But we may as well take it cheerfully as we sit against the wall for we are of some use even yet as guardians of wraps, and in time of need our pet neck fixings, or best pair of gloves can be borrowed to grace a special occasion. Never mind, we who have borne the burden and heat of the Alumnæ day can sit back now and take our ease, while these children are elected to fill our honorable positions.

We go to M. V. S. as boys of a family to a favorite college and one after another, from the least unto the greatest, follow in regular line as members of our Alma Mater.

A dozen years ago a mite of a girl took her elder sister's hand and trudged along to school every day, and shall I confess it in this august assembly—carried a cotton flannel rabbit under her arm! "Naming no names no offence need be took," but in that remote period other girls began their careers as small sisters of M. V. S. being turned out in the yard to play with the goat during study periods or to cut paper dolls in the Conservatory. But behold today from such beginnings, this illustrious class appears among us containing five little sisters.

(Will they please rise.)

We have tried all these years to overawe them, but alas! familiarity breeds disrespect and now they press themselves into our very sanctum sanctorum, waving

their diplomas at us, (that is, they will wave them when they receive them) declaring that it takes much more knowledge to graduate now than it did in our day! You dear children, you know so much more than you will ten years from this time, but I am sure you will never forget how to spell and do your sums with all the training you have had!

We older sisters who have come along the same pathway rejoice in your sweet young womanhood, in your enthusiasm and in your strength. We would help you if we might to make stepping stones of the stumbling blocks in your way, but you must learn that lesson for yourselves in a great measure, building your lives on foundations laid at M. V. S.

May we give you a little preachment as you start out with us? Even from our few years of life experience we have learned that we never really graduate from school—the great Life school, and that each year only teaches us the secret of living, which is —*not to ourselves* alone, and as your motto says—how to *be* rather than to seem. To learn this, we must give our best—our real selves, for "we receive but what we give."

A recent writer says in speaking of life—"It is easy to follow along the line of least resistance, to be only our second best, to call laziness patience, to call meanness prudence, to call cowardice caution, to call the common-place the practical, and inertia conservatism."

Give your very best and just as surely as the magnet attracts will you bring to yourselves, the best also. Give and it shall be given unto you again, good measure heaped up and running over. Cast your bread upon the waters, and by some chemical process known only to God, will it come back to you buttered and with jelly on it!

Your lives are pearls, keep them pure and white and come enter into this new kingdom of our Alma Mater.

To you who are so unfortunate as not to have older

sisters in this association, we are sorry for you, you miss a great deal of advice and love, but mayhap you can get along without the former and of the latter we can spare you some, for the more we give the more we have to give.

To our own dear sisters we can say with the poet Heine "I could not but tell you my thoughts for you are at once a child who loves and a woman who understands me." Ah, that is the secret of this sweet relation—loving and understanding. You have surely proved our love and as we walk along the years together we will understand.

From the elder, it is but a step to the next members of the family. I would remark, in passing, that there may be boys in families, but we are dealing with girls, and the boys are merely incidental, such as brothers-in-law; therefore, we will simply acknowledge their existence by this little mention, showing that we realize their worth, and pass them by to toast—The Younger Sisters. They make a pleasant part of the family gathering, and especially do these, our younger sisters, with a year's experience to offer, lend us their freshness and new interests, not only for our benefit, but for that of the new members. So I ask a representative of the Class of '99 to respond—Miss Stocking.

THE YOUNGER SISTER . . MISS FANNY STOCKING

"Its gude to be merry and wise,
Its gude to be honest and true."

Mrs. Somers, Miss President and Members of the Alumnæ Association:

"How can my mind want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe?"

Once upon a time in the midst of a mighty city, there dwelt a very nice, large family composed

entirely of girls—which, by the way, was the reason why it was so nice. Still, as in all well-regulated rules there comes an exception, this occurred when a certain branch of the family, by unanimous vote, adopted a brother.* You see he was so nice that no family, however large, could be complete without him. At least, so thought the Younger Sisters. But there—I have disclosed the plot of my story. For after reading fairy tales, of course you can guess what happened—how these Younger Sisters had to overcome greater difficulties than those given to the Elder Sisters (Reference Work), and how, when the fairy's gifts were bestowed, they were the last to be summoned ('99), though, of course, in the end they received the highest honors, for (and the application is not difficult) to be a sister to you is indeed an "honor" any would be proud to bear.

Concerning the virtues of '99 I have been most unnaturally silent, knowing, oh, classmates—

> "That you yourselves, being extant, well might show
> How far the modern quill doth come too short;
> Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow?"

So let us toast the Younger Sister—and Brother, and in the words of the fairy story:

May they prosper and live happily ever after!

It has been said that a house is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is "a child in it rising three years and a kitten rising three weeks." If that is the case, we are a model household, a perfectly furnished home, for Mrs. Somers rejoices in the possession of the kittens—three of them!—while the Alumnæ are furnished today with the children—more than three! We can hardly call them "little bundles of wailing and flannel" but to us they are our youngest members, so today, at

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*The Class of '99 adopted Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith as an Honorary Member.

least, we can toast them as—Our Babies. If they are not too new to this Alumnæ world, I hope that Miss Helen Michener will respond to this toast.

BABIES . . . . . MISS HELEN MICHENER

"Life has set no Landmarks before us."

How the mighty have fallen, is the first idea that comes to the members of the class of 1900 when we hear that *we* are the Alumnæ "Baby!" *We* who have been the proud and illustrious Seniors of M. V. S., *we* who have reigned supreme this past year—how disrespectfully have we been treated in the past week, our tortures are far too many and too horrible to relate. Poor dethroned maidens that we are, however, we could hardly expect to be so cordially welcomed into this already large family as we have been today, and although we do not perhaps, in every respect, feel true babies, we are indeed timid and awe inspired before such an assemblage. And when, by next year, we are the younger sisters of this family we hope to have gained more dignity and experience, and not to have that cruel sentence ringing in our ears: "Children should be seen and not heard."

But when our family gathers at its annual banquet, all would be incomplete should we not have at our board guests who can hardly be called guests, after all, for by reason of long service and loving interest they are part and parcel of this large and flourishing family. So I propose all such—Guests. There are at least seventeen members of this Association, newly fledged, however, who will appreciate the turning of the tables, having trembled in their shoes for long weeks past through terror of "Miss ——, will you recite the Fourth Commandment?" and who, with keen enjoyment, will hear me say:

Mrs. Hensley, will you respond to this toast!

"Here's our chief guest,
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast."

Some one has said that the Prophet Daniel could pass into the den of lions with some degree of complacency, knowing that, at least, he would not be called upon for an after-dinner speech.

This statement bears the distinct mark of ancient history, for now a man may, by means of the phonograph, preach his own funeral sermon, and had Daniel lived in the twentieth century, I am convinced that he could have taken comfort only in the thought that he would not be forced to listen to his own production.

For some years it has been my proud privilege to consider myself an Honorary Member of the M. V. S. Alumnæ Association. Occasionally, it is true, there was a bit of envy when more fortunate members of our Faculty insisted upon openly and unfeelingly alluding to their diplomas, their class, and their official right to wear the white and gold, but I was always comforted when the end of the year drew near, and the announcement of the annual "Reunion" arrived. Then I quite forgot the diploma and that I was only an adopted member. Imagine, then, my bewilderment when this year with the announcement came the request to respond to a toast to "Our Guests." What did it mean? Had I fallen from my high estate and was I considered no longer worthy, or had the wise Alumnæ solved the problem of how one person can occupy two places at the same time? A clever member of the Association assures me that there was once a man, who, having lost an arm, a leg, an ear, and an eye, was invited to an army banquet, after which he was asked to respond to the toast "Our Absent Members!" I have profound sympathy for that man. In my dizzy efforts to find my own posi-

tion, the perplexing question will arise, Why was I chosen for this embarrassing task? Was it because of conspicuous modesty that so easily sinks one's own personality into insignificance? Or was it because of undisguised assurance that led to the presumption that I wouldn't in the least mind paying delicate compliments to myself in public? Neither solution pleases, and as I, at least, haven't learned how to occupy two places at the same time, I accept, without further question, the position assigned me—that of your guest.

The guests of M. V. S., like the guests of a king, need no word of defence or praise, not because of their own merit as others see it, but because of the royal hand outstretched in welcome. We come to the "Reunion," then, with joy, and we hope a not unseemly pride, confident that your royal glance has discovered in us some hidden virtue. Seldom have we had the pleasure of sharing intellectual and social cheer with friends so widely separated, and never has it been our privilege to be presented to maidens of a century ago. One feels a reverence for an institution hoary with age, and truly we feel ourselves royally honored. With grateful hearts we cry :

Long live the M. V. S. Alumnæ Association, and may her welcoming hand always be extended to her ever-appreciative guests.

The family reunion is now over. Another birthday will bring us together again, to add new members to the long table. But until that day comes, we will not have another opportunity to greet one another as a whole. So it seems as though a fitting close to the feast would be our school song.

SCHOOL SONG.

There are some who Ogontz favor,
And there are others who
To Farmington will ever
Most loyal be and true.
We will own that both are noble,
Their colors fair and bright,
But we are staunch defenders
Of Mt. Vernon's gold and white!

Through four dear years of school life
The golden and the white
Have been to us a symbol
Of all that is most bright,
And in after years we'll find them
Aglow with memory's light,
So we'll ever be defenders
Of Mt. Vernon's gold and white!

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

THE closing days of school this year have been marked by many festivities which are as follows:

Friday, May 25.—School Day Exercises and Luncheon.
Saturday, May 26.—Alumnæ Reunion.
Sunday, May 27.—School Sermon.
Monday, May 28.—Class Day Exercises.
Tuesday, May 29.—Graduating Exercises.

The exercises on School Day were made a special feature of this year's program. Every branch of the school was represented from the Primary Class to the Alumnæ. The daisy drill of the Primary Class was led by Eleanor Murray, "the littlest girl" in school and the daughter of Mrs. Villa Welch Murray, '79. After music, essays, recitations, reading of reports and the singing of the school hymn, written by Miss Faith Bradford, 1900, came the new and very interesting part of the program,—the Abdication of the Seniors. At the close of these exercises followed the ever-delightful School Luncheon.

On Sunday evening the members of the school and a few of their friends gathered in the Music Room to listen to the school sermon which was delivered by the Rev. Stowell L. Bryant.

The Chapel was most tastefully decorated Monday night for the Class Day Exercises in the class colors, green and white. There the many friends of Nineteen Hundred gathered to listen to the Class Lamentation, History, Prophecy and Poem. The Banner

Presentation, the response for the Junior Class and the Archive Ceremonies also formed a very interesting part of the exercises At the close of this part of the program the Graduating Class received their friends in the Music Room.

On Tuesday morning the friends of the Graduates again gathered in the Chapel to see the highest honors of M. V. S. bestowed on seventeen more girls. There they listened to an address by Mr. Leon Vincent, on "Lowell, The Critic, The Letter-Writer, and The American."

CAROLINE W. JANNEY.

OUR ONE ALUMNÆ TEA.

THE officers of the Alumnæ gave a delightful tea for the members of the Association during January, hoping that it would be the first of a series similar to that of last winter.

Although it proved in every way a success, and the guests all seemed to enjoy the chat with old classmates, it failed to "start the ball rolling."

We have a large resident Alumnæ, including graduates from the first to the last classes of M. V. S.

At a business meeting there is very little opportunity for social intercourse, and with but one large Reunion a year, the new girls cannot become well acquainted with their older sisters. The "Heads of the Family" are hoping that some entertainments or teas may be planned for next winter, so that we may draw closer the bonds of old friendships and form many new ones.

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE seniors this year gave a number of entertainments, and it is to be hoped that their tea-giving propensities will flourish after they have become full-fledged Alumnæ. At one of their evenings each girl in the class posed as some famous painting. There were faithful reproductions of the "Duchess of Devonshire," the "Girl with the Muff," the "Prophet Hosea," and a score of other beautiful pictures.

All the entertainments given by the school this season have been unusually fine. Here is the notice of the "Hallow-e'en" party copied from the House Bulletin Board :

The House-boat will meet on the River Styx
With Charon the boatman bold
On Hallow-e'en night, and the Shades bedight
Can cross with the boatman old.

Go, Shades! prepare your costumes dank,
And join the House-boat there.
We meet at eight on the river bank
At the head of the Chapel stair.

There was an actual House-boat at one end of the Chapel, and all the notables were gathered there. Socrates, Shakespeare, Boswell, Baron Munchausen, and even Washington and his spouse under the guardianship of Charon, and in the company of numbers of other illustrious Shades, held high carnival. There were the usual Hallow-e'en sports, and prizes for the most beautiful, the most original, and the most correct costumes.

A Roman Banquet given by the students of Vergil, to the Ancient History class also deserves especial mention. The invitation was written in Latin on a Roman tablet sealed in a small wooden box, and the acceptance was inscribed on a parchment after the most approved ancient Egyptian fashion. The greetings of the hostesses were in verses delivered with charming grace, and each of the guests responded in a bit of pantomime, dance, song, or well-turned phrase. The table was prettily decorated with flowers, and was laden with rustic baskets filled with grapes, figs and dates, and the newer confections, considered necessary adjuncts to any feast at this period.

SOCIETIES—OLD AND NEW.

M. V. S. has taken unto herself a new society during the past year, which is known under the mystic name of V. V. Its nature is understood to be literary, but being secret, its object is spread only on the pages of its own unrevealed Constitution. Like the Senior literary society, the I. T. S., its members are chosen entirely from girls in the boarding department. As Miss Stewart, well versed in the ways of societies through her own Wellesley connection, was its founder, we are quite sure that the corner-stone has been laid in prosperity and strength. The charter members of V. V. have made themselves felt in the school, and wear their colors, blue and gold, with becoming pride and enthusiasm.

The friendly competition that has come with the entrance of a new society into the field, has only served to increase the popularity of the two older ones. I. T. S. has never seen such a progressive year, and glories in having its own chapter-house or chapter-room. This room is approached from the basket-ball court, and being in the northwest corner of 1124 Eleventh street, opens on the court porch. Miss Temple, whose artistic work is known to all recent members of the school, superintended the papering and decoration of the new chapter-room, and I. T. S. girls find their new quarters, of which they took possession in April, a great delight. One of the year's pleasures was a tally-ho ride given by Margaret Cox, 1900. The ride was followed by a "tea" in the chapter-room.

The B. T. S. German was unusually attractive this

year, and was charmingly led by Helen Michener, 1900, and Mabel Root. There has been much inter-society entertainment. The I. T. S. in January invited the V. V.'s to an elaborate dinner followed by a poster party in the chapel, and the B. T. S. gave one of the most beautiful and successful plays of the school year. This hospitality the V. V.'s delightfully returned on May 19th when both the I. T. S. and the B. T. S. were entertained in the chapel by a remarkable mind-reader and when refreshments were afterwards served, to the sound of music, on the screened and lantern-lighted porch of 1100 M Street. All three societies have been enthusiastically supported during the year, while much earnest work and many pleasant friendships has been the result.

BIRTHS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Calvin Hall (Frances Clapp, '91), a daughter, September, '98.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartholomay (Clara Seipp, '91), a daughter, Chicago, Ill.

To Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Harris, Jr. (May Mellish, '94,), a son, Champaign, Ill.

To Dr. and Mrs. Neil MacPhatter (Bertha Hammond, '92), a daughter, October first.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Thorpe Ryan (Elsie Dufour, '94), a daughter, November seventeenth, Washington, D. C.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairfax (Lillie Bowen, '94), a daughter, April second.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Van Camp (Rosamond McDermott, '94), a daughter, April, 1900.

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Gotfried (Hedwig Brand, '94), a son, May seventh.

MARRIAGES.

On June the fifth, 1899, Miss Mary Chiles, '91, to Mr. John McPherson Dennis, of Baltimore.

September the nineteenth, in Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, Miss Mary Woodin Jackson, '94, to Mr. Joseph Ervin Borches.

October the fourth, in Washington, D. C., Miss Alberta E. Rearick, '96, to Mr. Charles Weaver.

October the seventeenth, in Evanston, Illinois, Miss Elizabeth Fletcher, '99, to Mr. Gabriel Flournoy Slaughter.

November the twenty-first, in Washington, D. C., Miss Marian Dane Lilley, '91, to Mr. Boyd Taylor.

June the fifth, in Washington, D. C., Miss Anna L. Hoeke, '93, to Mr. Victor Mapes.

DEATHS.

In Washington, D. C., August the seventh, Mrs. J. H. Bradford, mother of Mary Knight Bradford, '88, and of Faith Bradford, 1900.

Drowned at Ocean City, Md., in August, James and Arthur Birney, brothers of Margaret Birney, '96, Edith Birney, '97, and Helen Birney, 1900.

In Washington D. C., in November, Dr. D. W. Prentiss, father of Mrs. Frederick W. True (Louise E. Prentiss, '84).

In Italy, in April, Mr. E. L. Ford, father of Nellie Ford, '92, and of Stella Dunbar Ford, '98.

IN MEMORIAM.

MAY NIEDRINGHAUS, November the tenth, 1899.

Our hearts have been much saddened by the death of May Niedringhaus, one of our dear girls of the Class of '99. Following so closely her graduation, when she felt that she was just beginning her real life work, and was full of plans for usefulness to others, it seems peculiarly sad.

There was much of suffering in her short life, and those who knew her best, saw her unusual courage and unselfishness in enduring it. We have lost a dear friend, and find it very hard to realize that the sweet and noble nature underlying the reticent exterior has gone from our midst never to return.

Her illness, of only ten days, was not considered dangerous until nearly the end, when her sisters, who were in New York, were telegraphed for, to arrive too late for her last hours, which were very beautiful in their Christian faith. She was borne to her last resting place wearing the white graduating gown in which so many of us saw her for the last time on Commencement night. Our deepest sympathy is with her bereaved parents and her classmates, whose number is thus so sadly broken.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved friend, co-worker and class-mate, May Niedringhaus,

Resolved—That in her death our Alumnæ Association sustains the loss of a dear and valued member,

Resolved—That we join with the pupils of the Seminary in sincere regret at her early death,

Resolved—That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved family and that, in loving remembrance these resolutions be spread upon the pages of our Annual.

Respectfully submitted,

LILIAN A. LAKE, '99.
KATHERINE EDMONSTON, '99.

January 9, 1900.

PERSONALS.

Ten of the fifteen members of the class of '96 attended the Alumnæ Reunion.

Miss Florence Mixter, '98, after paying a short visit to M. V. S., visited in Gettysburg during May.

The engagement of Miss Lalla Ruth Carr, '95, to Mr. William Patton, the brother of Miss Honora Patton, '95, was announced last fall.

Miss Fanny Rees, sister of Miss Marsh Rees, '96, was married in February.

Miss Helen Hurst, '92, spent the month of May in Chicago with her father, Bishop Hurst.

Miss Helen Palmer, '99, who, in May, visited Mrs. Slaughtor (Elizabeth Fletcher, '99) at her home in Evanston, made her debut at the Silver Wedding Anniversary of her father and mother, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Palmer, October 13, 1899. Among those in the receiving party were Miss Pauline Artman, '99, and Miss Elise Painter, '99.

Miss Laura C. Pratt, '99, is spending a number of weeks at Atlantic City.

Among the out-of-town guests at the Reunion were Mrs. Wishard (Frances Scoville, '84), Mrs. John C. Clark (Addie Burr, '88), Miss Frances Thirlkeld, '96, and Miss Florence Grandin, '96.

There are five "Little Sisters" in this year's class.

When Miss Francesca Kaspar, 1900, first entered M. V. S., she was the school baby and led the line up

to chapel. Now Mrs. Harvey Murray's little daughter Eleanor or "Nona" fills that position and has been a delight to every member of the school this winter.

Miss Edith Hancock,'94, and Miss Ora Joe Hemphill, '94, are spending the summer at Jamestown, R. I.

Notes were received from a number of Alumnæ regretting their inability to attend the Reunion, and sending greetings instead. Among the names were those of Miss Tune '90, Miss Laura Pratt '99, Mrs. True '84, Mrs. Pool '81, Miss Finley '85, Miss Coffin '88, Miss Thomas '97, Miss Hurst '92, Miss Porte '82 and Miss Helen Pennypacker '99.

Miss Elizabeth Lucas,'99, has been studying music in Chicago.

The engagement of Miss Martha Cox Jarvis '99 to Mr. Charles Hood of Washington, D. C., is announced.

Miss May Butler left on the first of June for a month's visit at Atlantic City. The remainder of the summer will be passed in the Adirondacks.

Miss Alice Henry, '99, has been visiting friends in Bloomington, Indiana.

Miss Helen Pennypacker, '99, who has been traveling through Mexico and the Southwestern States since February, has just made the trip through the Yosemite.

Miss Corrinne Shellabarger, '93, was a guest at M. V. S. for a few days last fall.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Hooe (Edith Dingley, '91) spent a portion of the winter abroad.

Miss Elise Painter, '99, was among this season's debutantes.

Miss Sue Elmore, '98, filled a position of reponsibility in her father's office last winter.

Miss Florence Polkinhorn, '98, made her debut at a beautifully appointed tea about Christmas time.

The small son of Mme. Matsugata (Yoshi Kuki, '90) has the pretty name of Masahico.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Catlin, '95, to Mr. Otto Reinhardt Hansen, of Milwaukee. The wedding will take place in July, followed by a European wedding trip.

Grace Wright, '94, en route to Marblehead Neck where she joins her family and her sister, Mrs. John Bruce McPherson (Cornelia Wright, '91), for the summer, has visited in Cambridge, Mass., and attended Smith College commencement.

Miss Cornelia I. Morgan is spending part of the summer with her family at Warm Springs, Virginia, from which delightful resort they will go later to Alabama.

Miss H. B. Walker visited Mrs. Somers at "Rock Rest" in early June.

Elsie Edwards, '93, after a residence of several years in Paris where she has been studying art and music, has returned and will be with Mrs. Somers at "Rock Rest" during the vacation.

The class of 1900 is rejoicing in a very attractive escutcheon which is to hang permanently over the senior seats in chapel. The escutcheon is in the shape of a shield. On it the design of their class pin is burnt, and in it the class archives will be kept. Helen Michener is the custodian of these archives for 1900.

The list of names for the Installation of the "Order of the Lily" was as follows: Lucy Warner Tolerton, Theda Buck, Katharine Buck, Mabel Ellington Root and Mae Louise Press.

What became of the Circulating Book Club?

Where are the book donations to our Alumnæ library?